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September 7, 1967 35¢

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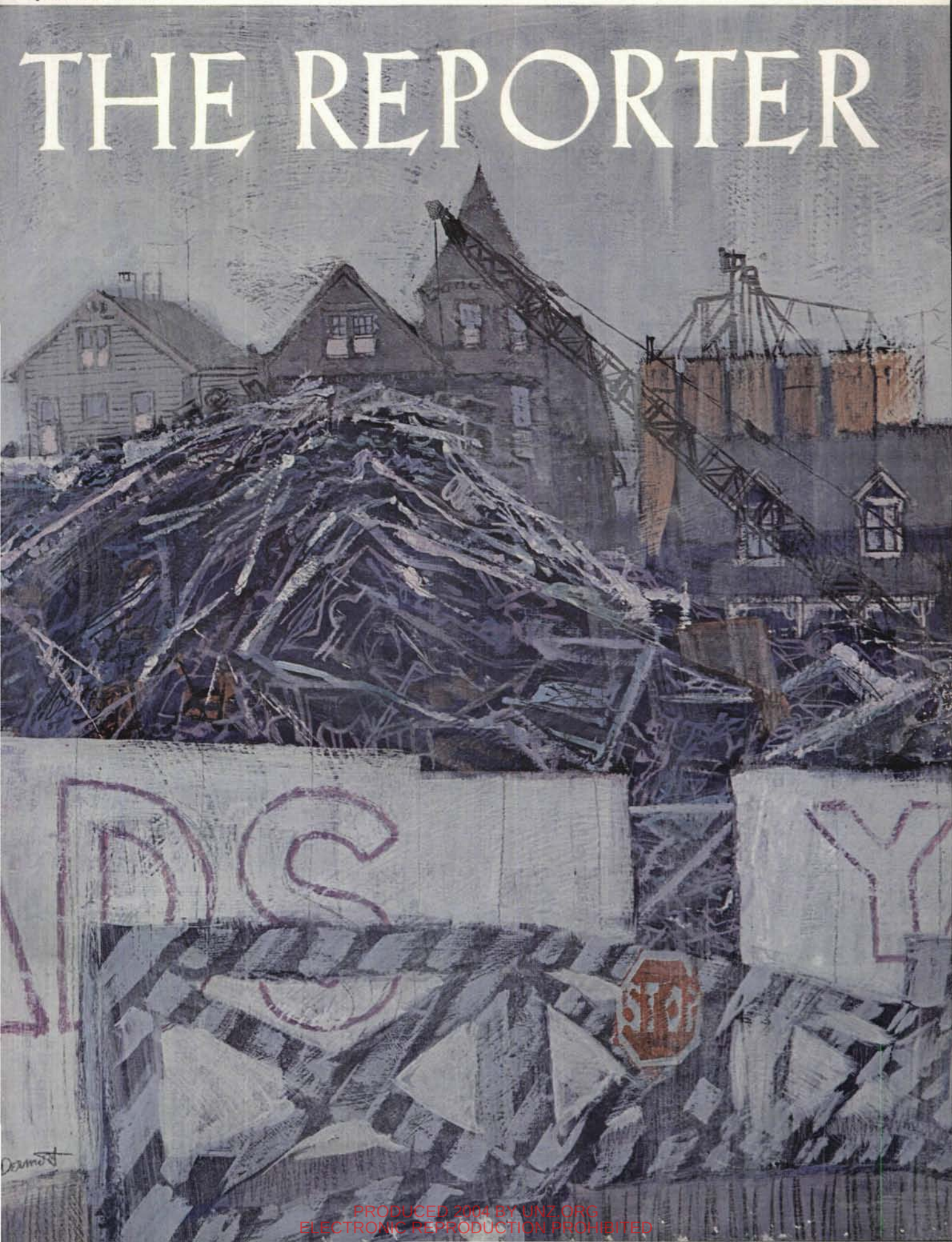

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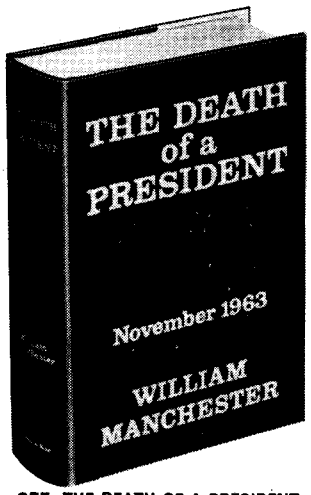

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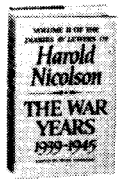

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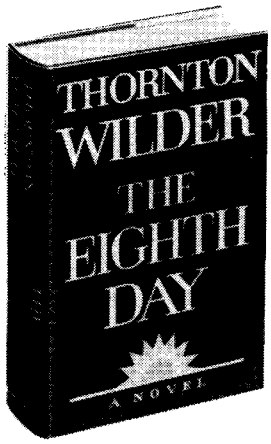

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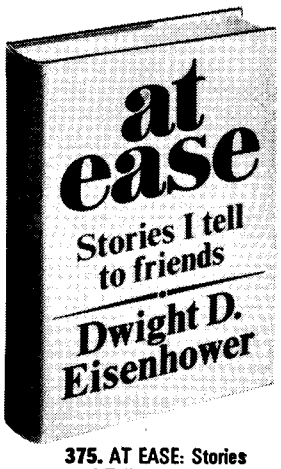

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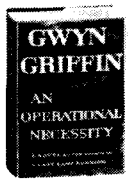

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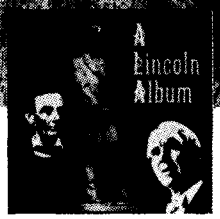

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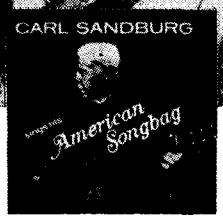

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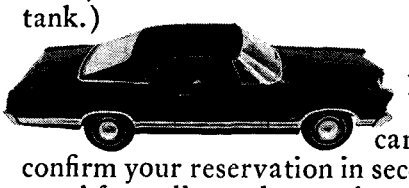

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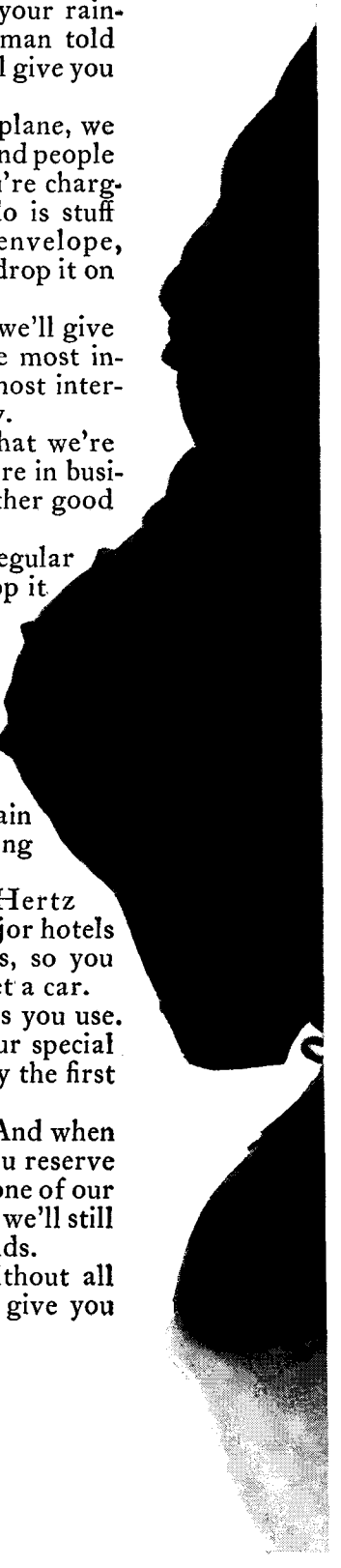

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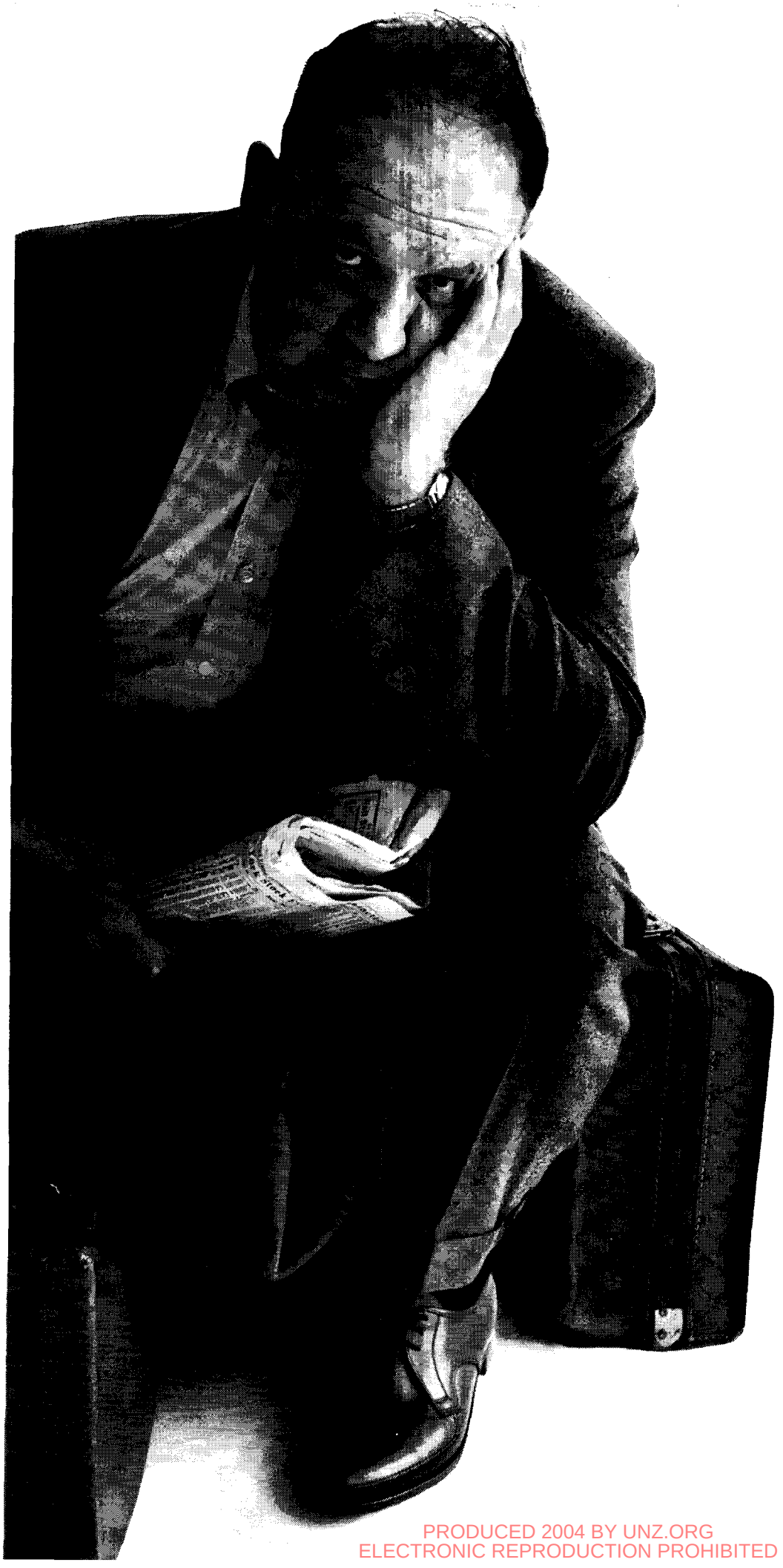

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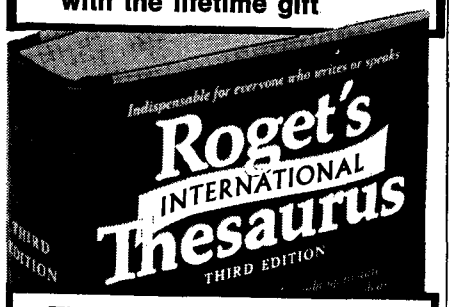

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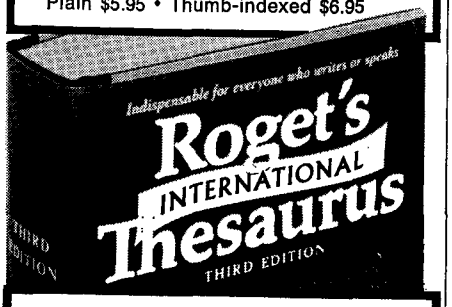

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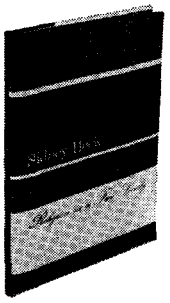

By Sidney Hook. A distinguished philosopher takes issue with recent Supreme Court decisions on prayer and Bible reading, warning that the American public schools are in danger due to growing separation of students on the basis of race and religion. On matters of birth control, voluntary euthanasia, therapeutic abortion and other social legislation, Hook says, "Theological dogma introduced to control public policy is a dagger thrust at the very heart of the political democratic process." *Cloth* **$4.00**

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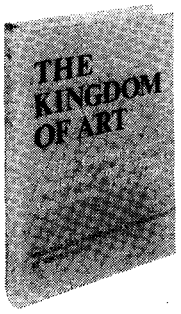

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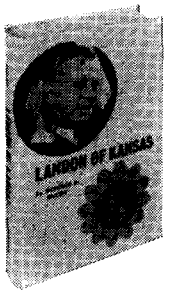

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

THE WPA of Depression days has left two monuments: one is the myth summed up in the word "leaf-raking"; the other is made of such things as 650,000 miles of roads, 80,000 bridges, and 40,000 public buildings and utility plants. Many who are now proposing public-works programs as a means of combating unemployment and despair in the tense city slums feel compelled to explain that they are not urging a new WPA. Actually, today's conditions are entirely different. Rather than an exclusively Federal effort, the job can and should involve an active partnership with local governments and the private sector. Some of the advantages and obstacles are set forth by **Eli Ginzberg,** chairman of the National Manpower Advisory Committee and Hepburn Professor of Economics at Columbia's Graduate School of Business, and by **Sar A. Levitan** and **Garth L. Mangum,** research professors of economics at George Washington University. . . . **Rasa Gustaitis,** a New York free-lance writer, gives an example of how private industry can help train the most disadvantaged to meet minimum standards of education and qualify for better jobs.

MORE EFFECTIVE co-ordination and a spirit of teamwork marks the U.S. Mission to Vietnam under our new ambassador, Ellsworth Bunker, **Denis Warner** reports from Saigon. . . . **Martin Nolan** takes a look ahead at the traditional political test for Presidential aspirants, the March, 1968, New Hampshire primary, where Richard M. Nixon and George W. Romney will meet head on. . . . Of all the Arab states, Jordan most needs a settlement with Israel, but any attempt to negotiate could lose King Hussein his throne, according to **J. H. Huizinga,** roving correspondent of the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant.* . . . **Meg Greenfield's** latest Glossary dissects nonalignment.... **Thomas H. Lineaweaver III,** who describes the sorry state of the U. S. fishing fleet, writes on marine matters from his home in Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

ALDO ROSSELLI is an Italian novelist who divides his time between Florence and New York. His short story in this issue was translated by **Frances Frenaye.... Muriel Spark's** poem will be included in her *Collected Poems, I,* to be published in England this fall by Macmillan. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is the editor of *High Fidelity* and author of *The Music Makers: Some Outstanding Performers of Our Time* (Knopf). . . . **John Mecklin** worked as a journalist in Vietnam from 1953 to 1955, and served in Saigon as Public Affairs Officer from 1962 to 1964. Out of these experiences came his book *Mission in Torment* (Doubleday). . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a free-lance writer. . . . **Marcus Klein** is co-editor with Robert Pack of *Short Stories: Classic/Modern/Contemporary,* a new anthology of short fiction ranging from Balzac to Barth (Little, Brown).

Our cover of New Haven in the process of urban renewal is by **John R. McDermott.**

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Are you travelling on business, Mr. Tannen?

Mr. Tannen may be nine years old to his mother but he looks like a professional traveller to us.

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CORRESPONDENCE

'OUR NEGRO BROTHERS'

To the Editor: Your editorial "To Our Negro Brothers" (*The Reporter*, August 10) is one of the few public statements of this summer that will be read with pride in the years to come. The refusal to hate even those most responsible for this crisis; the resistance to frustration and despair; the urging of restraint, charity, and that almost forgotten word "love"—all are a shining contrast to the accusations and recriminations offered by too many public figures.

I hope your words will find an audience beyond the pages of *The Reporter*.

HARRY CYLINDER
Philadelphia

To the Editor: Your editorial "To Our Negro Brothers" is first-rate. It is unpatronizing, compassionate, and firm; lucid, and at the same time sophisticated in its literary and philosophical tone. I was particularly impressed with the concept of our obligation to act for them and with them. You may not agree on this, but I would carry the idea even further, and apply it to our attitude toward Africans as well. A modern version of the white man's burden.

E. F. CHAMBERS
Chicago

CHINESE PUZZLE

To the Editor: The article "Red China's Divided Army" (*The Reporter*, August 10) by Robert S. Elegant and Sidney C. Liu was written by experts, but perhaps the most interesting thing about it was what it did not say. For all their experience and access to the findings of official China-watchers in Hong Kong, the authors implicitly admitted that they really know very little about the factions in the army, who heads them, what force they have, and how important a role the army can play in China's dramatic crisis.

The real point here is that our China policy may be dangerous in that we have no direct knowledge of the country that may be our foremost enemy. Granted that China's U.S. policy is greatly to blame for the quarantine, we are no less responsible. Present events in that country make all the more imperative a new approach that would at least reopen the talks on an exchange of newspapermen and in time lead to some sort of diplomatic relations.

HARRY D. VENIE
New York

THE ANTI ANTIS

To the Editor: Your August 10 issue carried a letter by Thomas B. Marvell who disagreed with the thesis of Hanson Baldwin in his article on missile defense: that a deliberate slowdown was being sought by opponents of the antiballistic missile in order that the Soviets may be given time to acquire strategic nuclear parity. This assertion that some of those espousing this position were high government officials and/or influential scientists, Mr. Marvell argued, could not be true because anybody holding such views could not remain in the government very long. Mr. Marvell suggested that Mr. Baldwin might have substantiated his claim by presenting evidence.

I am completing my Ph.D. thesis at the University of Pennsylvania on the topic of the ABM and can furnish (all from public sources) the evidence Mr. Marvell would like in the writings of Dr. Jerome Wiesner, former scientific advisor to President Kennedy, Dr. Freeman J. Dyson, consultant to the Department of Defense, Roswell Gilpatric, former Deputy Secretary of Defense, and Thomas C. Schelling.

BENSON ADAMS
University of Pennsylvania

GLOSSARY GLOSS

To the Editor: Congratulations on Meg Greenfield's new feature, "Glossary." Attacking the looseness of our language does all of us a service. It is a device to provide us a mirror of reflection. I look forward to further editions.

PAUL S. FROMMER
Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.
San Francisco

THE QUEENS

To the Editor: I am writing to let you know what pleasure your article on the Queens ("Farewell to the Great Ships," by Noel Mostert) in the August 10 issue of *The Reporter* gave me. I intend to keep it for my son so that he can have some idea of what travel was like before it became imperative to cross the Atlantic in two and a half hours.

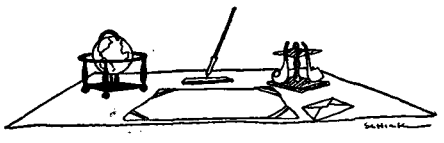
My first view of the *Mary* was in 1942. I was in the Royal Navy traveling in a six-knot convoy in heavy seas when she passed heading for the Tail of the Bank with *x* thousand American troops on board. She was doing twenty-eight knots and the sight was awe-inspiring.

Thank you for the pleasure you have given me.

J. S. DERRICK, Headmaster
King's College School
Windsor, Nova Scotia

To the Editor: I read with interest "Farewell to the Great Ships" by Noel Mostert.

It was my dubious pleasure to travel on the *Queen Elizabeth* on her one Pacific trip, a voyage not discussed by Mr. Mostert. Elements of the 41st Division sailed from San Francisco, March 19, 1942, and landed at Sidney on April 6. We were in convoy until off New Zealand—then a wild run across the Tasman Sea in a storm, taking water over the bow.



Our trip had more men than any previous voyage, so much of the article rings true. Soldiers, including me, manned anti-aircraft guns twenty-four hours a day. With other duties and boat drills, we averaged about three hours' sleep out of each twenty-four.

It was a voyage all remember vividly. We also found a ship built for the North Atlantic was unendurably hot on a slow, roundabout voyage over the equator.

WILLIAM B. MORSE
Portland, Oregon

To the Editor: Like Mr. Mostert I was also a boy when I first saw the *Mary*. This was in the spring of 1936 at Greenock, eighteen miles downstream from her builders' yard, where, after navigating the River Clyde ship channel, she slipped her tugs, put ashore her river pilots, and became a free agent for the first time. Children up and down Clydeside were given a holiday to welcome this ultimate product of their fathers' crafts. Most of us wore a medalion depicting on the obverse the *Mary* underway and on the reverse the *Mary* on the stocks before launching as yard number 534, the identity under which she had languished during the depression.

When the *Elizabeth* slipped down the Clyde on the spring tide of 1940, we school children were bussed to the dockside to see this new giant, somber in her wartime gray, and like a disadvantaged child, denied even the formalities of acceptance trials. Her measured mile was to be one of many in her first mad dash across the dangerous Atlantic after passing through the anti-submarine boom at the mouth of the Clyde.

Permanent moorings are not for these gallant and noble Queens of the Oceans. Would it not be fitting to allow these two grand old ladies to drop anchor for the last time and to end their days at the breaker's yards in their home waters?

R. E. GARDNER
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Being a transportation buff—trains, ships, planes—I got a lump in my throat and watery eyes reading Noel Mostert's "Farewell to the Great Ships."

Similar writing, with feeling, is needed concerning the disappearance of some of the "name" trains in the United States.

Yet in all these situations of change, one should only heave a sigh, accept and understand the new.

Times change. Nostalgia is fun, and it is enhanced, in part, when accompanied by temporary sadness.

JAMES H. HARGER
Annandale, New Jersey

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You mean you've never even tried Newsweek?

. . . or you tried it once years ago? Things change. You've changed since then. So has Newsweek.

If you haven't seen a copy lately, let us quote from some recent issues:

"Marijuana, most experts agree, does not result in physical addiction . . . Unlike the heroin user, the pot smoker does not develop a tolerance to marijuana and demand ever-increasing doses for satisfaction. When deprived of marijuana, the user does not suffer the intense craving, chills, and nausea typical of withdrawal from hard narcotics."—From a Newsweek report on the marijuana problem.

"A decade ago, the nation's highways were suddenly overrun with hordes of putt-putting little cars with names like Volkswagen, Fiat, Renault, and Toyopet. Detroit automakers counterattacked the doodlebug invasion with a sprightly new breed of compact cars all their own. With the dazzling exception of Volkswagen most of the frail little imports couldn't stand the competition, nor the high-speed punishment of the U.S. roads. Import sales fell, dealers disappeared overnight and Detroit went back to building its own standard-size version of the American dream."—From a Newsweek business feature.

"There can be little question that the streets were organized, despite official denials. According to one soul brother who guarded his store, rioters worked in teams to ravage several stores near him. 'First, a couple of boys on motorcycles would ride up and spot a store,' he told me. 'Then they'd leave and a couple of convertibles would drive up and smash in the storefront and grab everything. And, when they were through, one car would drive around the alley and then they'd both drive off. In ten minutes, the place would be in flames.' "—From a Newsweek correspondent's eyewitness report of four days among the Detroit rioters.

"In the Middle East, Israel has proved its sovereignty, within and beyond its borders. In Vietnam, the U.S. is struggling to build true sovereignty where none has ever existed. With dazzling irony, one powerful journalistic apologist for U.S. policy in Vietnam has reported a 'first lesson' of the Arab debacle thus: 'No amount of foreign hardware can make a military victor of a nation that lacks effective leadership and the will to win.' Such a depiction of Russian failure in Egypt reads like a precise warning to American fantasy in Vietnam."—From a Newsweek Signed Opinion column by Emmet John Hughes.

Just four examples. Get this kind of personal, on-the-spot coverage every week—national news, foreign affairs, sports, business, signed columns, Wall Street—the facts and the fun in American life. Be a sport, a well-informed one. Try the new Newsweek. *See introductory offer immediately below.*

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Living Under the Sea: A report from General Dynamics

The public address speaker screams, "Dive, dive!" In the flickering light of a dank interior, sweaty bearded sailors tumble to battle stations. . . .

This Hollywood image of a submariner's life was, even during World War II, largely stereotype. It is a far cry from life in today's United States Navy nuclear submarines.

Even though about three-fourths of the ship's interior is taken up by machinery, weapons and stores, there's also room for up to 136 men to eat, sleep, relax, work efficiently and remain alert. The sailors who man these submarines on continuously submerged patrols for two months at a time lead a surprisingly comfortable life.

Here's a fairly typical day for nuclear submariner Bill Reilly, Electronic Technician Third-Class.

0700 hours. ET/3 Reilly is awakened by a shipmate. Along his bunk's 6'6" length—long, wide and deep enough for comfortable sleep—recessed fluorescent fixtures dispel the night. Another "day" has begun.

30,000 meals:

0715 hours. Reilly's baritone bounces around the private stall shower. He need not worry about quick sudsing and rinsing; nuclear submarines can distill an ample supply of fresh water.

0730 hours. Breakfast time. More than 30,000 individual meals will be served during the ship's extended patrol—prepared in a galley smaller than the kitchen of an average suburban home. The galley has been laid out to a careful time-space-motion plan. Provisions are stored for easy accessibility in planned sequence. Meat is pre-trimmed; chicken deboned to save precious space. Ice cream cones—by the thousands—are tucked into odd crannies.

0800 hours. Reilly's first four-hour watch begins. His job: monitoring a navigation computer.

All around him the ship stirs with action as crew members go about daily chores (just as Reilly will between his regular watches)—inspecting, cleaning, maintaining.

"Scrub, burn and filter":

Nuclear submarines do not need to surface to get air for their engines, but Reilly's still a deep breather. Carbon dioxide, exhaled by the crew at the rate of 110 cubic feet each hour, is removed by "scrubbers" before it can build into a dangerous concentration. Oxygen, manufactured by water electrolysis, is fed back to the ship's atmosphere. Over 300 potential contaminants are removed by filtration, electrostatic precipitation or catalytic burning.

Revitalized air, purer than that breathed by city dwellers, is recirculated throughout the submarine, conditioned to a comfortable humidity and 70° temperature.

1200 hours. Lunch. On today's menu: chicken cacciatore.

Off-watch:

1250 hours. At the ship's laundromat, Reilly drops off his coveralls, made of lint-free polyester to eliminate one potential irritant from the atmosphere; he stops at the 2,000-volume library to pick up an electronics textbook he's studying for college credit.

1315 hours. Alarm signal! Reilly double-times to his duty station. This time it's a fire drill. It might have indicated a potential enemy's presence or a dozen other contingencies. Alarms are sounded at unscheduled times, day or night, throughout the patrol to keep the crew on its toes.

1415 hours. He routinely checks one of his alternate drill stations, then works off some lunch calories with a session on the exercise bicycle.

1600 hours. Reilly spends the next hour making some minor adjustments to one navigation computer that is temporarily "down." Each man on a nuclear submarine is responsible for the performance and maintenance of the equipment that he operates.

As he moves about the ship he continues to study its 110 miles of complex wiring, a requirement for many crew members so a fault can be quickly traced if necessary.

Versatile mess:

1700 hours. At one end of the mess, a checkers tournament is going on. At the other, Reilly—with one shipmate posing and two others kibitzing—is finishing off a watercolor.

The mess is the most versatile room on the submarine. At various times it becomes movie theater, gym, game room, lecture hall and music room. Two days from now, Sunday, it will become a chapel.

1800 hours. Dinner; lobster—a reminder that today is Friday. Last night the cooks surprised everyone with a Hawaiian luau. The night before, it was roast beef. Food on a submarine is a major morale factor for the crew.

Leftovers are inevitable. Garbage is compacted into a container, weighted, and blown into the sea, where it sinks to the bottom.

1900 hours. The mess has now become a movie theater—tonight Reilly and some of his shipmates enjoy a new James Bond picture, well before it's been released to the general public.

In the unseen world above the surface it is dusk. On extended submerged patrol, every effort is made to make life as comparable as possible to surface duty. The control room is "rigged for red," that is, switched to a dull red illumination; ordinary lights are dimmed to remind the crew that another day is passing into night.

Shhh!:

Despite 007's noisy battles—or later the sound of hi-fi music—nuclear submariners live in a quiet world. Sounds are muted by vinyl tile decks and acoustic tile overheads. Vibrations are minimized. Turbines, fans and other moving equipment are surrounded by special sound-deadening material.

2000 hours. Bill Reilly begins his second four-hour watch. Others, who are now off-watch, are relaxing, reading, getting ready to bunk down—and some are still sleeping before being awakened later.

2400 hours. Midnight. The ship is quiet. His watch over, Reilly bunks down, draws the curtains for privacy, turns on the overhead fluorescent and reads for a while. He yawns, adjusts the air vent at the head of his bunk, switches off the light. He is asleep.

In building almost 300 submersibles—including the prototypes of most American nuclear submarines—habitability has been a prime concern of General Dynamics designers and engineers since 1900 when the company delivered the United States Navy's first.

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Firsthand report on Mao's revolution

THE RED GUARD

By HANS GRANQVIST

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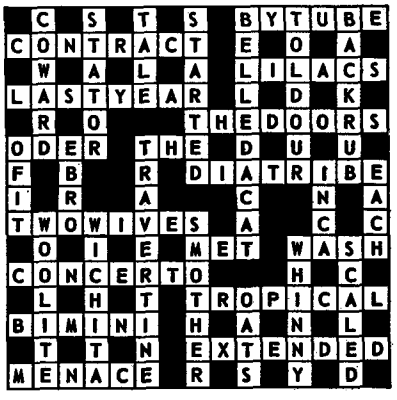

Acrostician: EILEEN FARRELL

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How 88,648 Heavy Smokers Stopped Smoking

NEW YORK—The Anti-Tobacco Center of America has just published a booklet which explains how 88,648 heavy smokers (of whom many are physicians) have stopped smoking without straining their will power. This booklet is available free of charge to smokers. All you need to do, to obtain it, is to send your name and address to The Anti-Tobacco Center of America, Dept. A-15-L, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, New York. This offer is open while the supply of these booklets lasts.

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

. . . But Do As We Say

We suppose the President had no choice but to appoint a citizens' committee to observe the elections in South Vietnam. In our view, however, he might have done better to invite a delegation of South Vietnamese observers to come here, so that they could gain some first-hand knowledge of what their critics have in mind. To show you what we mean, we have taken the liberty of preparing the report such a delegation might submit.

To: Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky
From: The Free Elections Observation Team
Subject: Tour of the U.S.

Esteemed Mr. Premier:

Herewith we submit the final report on our fact-finding mission to the United States, which was occasioned—you will remember—by the generous desire of many persons in that country to help us understand the meaning and value of free elections. According to plan, we spent the major portion of our time consulting with members of Congress in the District of Columbia. Since Congress has freely elected not to allow elections in the District of Columbia, however, we embarked on a number of field trips for a closeup view of democracy in action. Your committee is unanimous in its opinion that these trips were most instructive. We were particularly impressed with the elective process as it was explained to us in the South Boston area, and immensely grateful for our talks with Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago, from whom, we found, we all had much to learn.

You may recall that some members of our delegation expressed certain doubts at the outset about the "sincerity" of our critics in the Congress who had charged us with "corruption" and "fraud." These doubts, we can now report, were immediately dispelled upon our arrival in the District of Columbia. There we found the legislators hard at work in an attempt to perfect their already admirable system by strengthening what is called the "Corrupt Practices Act" concerning their own election campaigns. It was explained to us that although the idea had originated with the President, Congress had shown equal enthusiasm by devoting more than a year of its precious time to studying the proposal "in committee." Moreover, in the course of this rigorous study, it had been responsible for many improvements in the President's proposal, such as the deletion of one cumbersome part which would have required the disclosure of money and gifts received by members of Congress. Some of us had hoped to be present for the signing of this proposal, feeling the occasion would mark a symbolically fitting end to our journey, but even with all its improvements, the proposal was still being studied by the hard-working committee when we left.

Our discussions with individual legislators revealed that their concern is quite properly focused on three shortcomings of our own elective process: our manner of deciding who shall run, the way in which funds are acquired and disposed of in our campaigns, and the possibility that our voters will be intimidated and thus denied an opportunity to express their will. On the first of these points, our meeting with Senators Robert F. Kennedy and Jacob K. Javits of New York, two of those most distressed by our practices, proved extremely useful.

After a free-ranging discussion of the selection (or "nominating") process in the country generally and in New York City and State in particular, they proposed the establishment of a bipartisan commission to instruct us on ways of ensuring that

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our own candidates will be selected fairly. Senator Kennedy suggested that his party be represented by any of a number of present or past Democratic State and County chairmen from New York, adding that since teaching us democracy would be a full-time job, it might be best to appoint a recently retired official such as the Honorable Carmine G. DeSapio. He said he was certain that Mr. DeSapio would be able to keep us up to date by frequent consultation with his good friend and successor, the Honorable Frank Rossetti. For an edifying look at the way his party makes its choices, Senator Javits suggested that we study the proceedings of its last nominating convention in San Francisco in 1964. He pointed out that there were numerous officials now in retirement who were familiar with that convention's inner workings and who might consent to serve on a bipartisan commission.

On the question of fair and democratic financial procedures, your committee received an abundance of advice, all of it the same: we were encouraged to seek out a Mr. Stephen Smith of New York, who is Senator Kennedy's brother-in-law and who is reputed to be the leading national authority on the subject. When we paid our courtesy call on the Vice President, for example, who presides over the U.S. Senate, he readily acknowledged the expertise of Mr. Smith in this field, making frequent reference to a province known as West Virginia, which we unfortunately did not visit. Similarly, when we paid our courtesy call on Speaker of the House John McCormack, he declared that so far as he and other members of his family were concerned, it was a waste of time discussing campaign finances and expenditures with anyone but Mr. Smith. We are therefore most disturbed to report that we were unable to make contact with Mr. Smith. It was suggested that an appointment might be arranged for us by Senator Kennedy, but the Senator's staff, upon searching through their files, regretfully informed us that they were unable to locate Mr. Smith's telephone number.

We particularly enjoyed our talk with Senator Fulbright. As you

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A look inside China's "smoke-filled rooms"

Newspapers report on Chinese power struggles at the top—about Mao, Chou, and Lin Piao jockeying for position. But *how* is China ruled? The bureaucratic machinery needed to translate central government decisions into grass-roots action staggers the imagination. And until now, imagination has been nearly all that otherwise well-informed Americans could rely on when the subject was discussed.

Now, A. Doak Barnett, born in China, a resident there for many years, and a close student of Chinese politics, provides a detailed, analytical picture of the Communist Party and government machinery at ministry, county, and village levels in China. Based primarily on first-hand interviews with Chinese officials who ranged from the equivalent of "clubhouse politicians" to important functionaries, the book describes the tremendous ball of red tape in Peking and follows its unwinding around 700,000,000 people in every corner of China. This is an unprecedented account of the day-to-day operation of the most gigantic—and important—bureaucratic structure in the world.

CADRES, BUREAUCRACY, AND POLITICAL POWER IN COMMUNIST CHINA
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know, he is most concerned about the third point—possible intimidation of our voters—and recently expressed his profound alarm at "the ease with which the present junta can dominate the conditions under which an election is held." When we asked his advice on how such a situation might be remedied and the free choice of the voters assured, he offered us the set of proposals we have attached as Appendix A. They feature the appointment of "Federal examiners" to make sure that registration and voting rights are not interfered with and the application of criminal penalties to those who interfere with such rights. They go by the general title of the "Voting Rights Act of 1965," and it is a measure of Senator Fulbright's genuine concern for our plight that although he opposed the passage of this act in his own country, he is now willing to make a concession and let it be applied in South Vietnam.

Even without the counsel of Mr. Smith, your committee feels it has received more than enough information to get underway with a program of reforms. For that reason also, we think it just as well that we postponed our visit to the United Nations in New York, which we had previously considered making on this trip. It is our understanding that this decision was welcomed by the Secretary-General, who has encountered unforseeable delays in selecting the team of observers he might wish to send to South Vietnam and whose freedom of movement he would want to discuss with us. Apparently the interest in free elections is so keen among member states that it is difficult to choose among them. According to our latest information, those competing most vigorously for the honor of monitoring our elections are Poland, Algeria, Burma, and the United Arab Republic. Your committee recommends that you seek to arrange an exchange of visits with the nations that are selected. Instructive as our visit to America has been, we expect that tours to any of these places would be incomparably more so.

Respectfully submitted on this date . . .

—Meg Greenfield

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Mahon's Stacked Deck

Congressman John O. Marsh, Jr., represents the Shenandoah Valley, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the peaceful apple-growing country of northwestern Virginia. Marsh also wields more influence over the future of American cities than do a dozen mayors. He is a new member of the House Appropriations subcommittee that controls the budget of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), the same group that voted in May to greatly reduce the rent supplement program and to shrink the model cities program from the $662 million asked by President Johnson to $237 million.

Marsh was appointed this year to the subcommittee on Independent Offices and HUD by George Mahon, the Democrat from the Lubbock, Texas, oil country who is chairman of the full House Appropriations Committee. Mahon, despite his protestations of support for the administration, is known as a penny pincher who has voted in committee to cut most of the President's domestic program requests.

Marsh's district is classified by the U.S. Bureau of Census as 29.4 per cent urban. The country as a whole is 69.9 per cent urban. Marsh is one of six Democrats on the ten-man group. He is not the only member whose constituency and whose interests do not reflect the needs of metropolitan America. Subcommittee chairman Joe L. Evins of central Tennessee, although an administration supporter, represents a district that is 27.3 per cent urban. George E. Shipley, another Democrat, comes from a downstate Illinois district 37.4 per cent urban. The newest Democrat on the committee, David Pryor of southern Arkansas, has several small cities in his district, but his constituency is only 42.6 per cent urban.

Not surprisingly, the only members of the subcommittee who consistently fight for urban programs are Representatives Edward P. Boland of Springfield, Massachusetts and Robert N. Giaimo of New Haven, Connecticut.

Before HUD was formed last year, all housing programs were funded through Evins's Independent Offices subcommittee. They still are today. At the opening of the Ninetieth Congress this year, Mahon, in his capacity of Appropriations Committee chairman, made a series of decisions having a profound effect on the course of all urban legislation.

Mahon did not remove HUD from Evins's subcommittee, which also supervises nineteen independent agencies, including the large space budget. Instead, he created a new subcommittee dealing with the youngest cabinet agency, Transportation—a department with a larger budget than that of Housing and Urban Development, but hardly one of greater legislative complexity or concern. Mahon did this to forestall Boland, second-ranking member of the Independent Offices subcommittee. Boland would have become chairman of a HUD subcommittee and would have been a more indulgent patron of urban legislation than is Evins. Mahon named the Massachusetts congressman chairman of the Transportation body and felt satisfied that its more static area would keep Boland's generous tendencies within bounds.

Mahon was anxious to avoid the example set by the late John E. Fogarty (D., Rhode Island), who since 1949 had been chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee dealing with public health, welfare, and education. When Fogarty died early this year, Dr. Howard A. Rusk in the New York *Times* said that "His friends from the scientists to the sick mourn his loss and call him blessed." Fogarty often exceeded administration requests by forty per cent; under his tutelage, the Federal budget for medical research rose to more than $1 billion annually. A similar growth for the urban problems of this decade is not in prospect.

Just to make sure that urban policy would be properly penurious, Mahon named the rural-oriented Marsh and Pryor to oversee HUD. At the same time, Mahon also found an assignment for Representative Charles S. Joelson of Paterson, New Jersey. Joelson, whose district is 100 per cent urban, was appointed to supervise the public lands of the great West as the newest member of the subcommittee on Interior.

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Advice to the Urban Coalition

ELI GINZBURG

THE URBAN COALITION, a voluntary group of leaders from American business, labor, religion, the civil-rights movement, and local government, called on the nation to mount new programs to cope with the riots that have wracked our cities this summer and to enable "the disadvantaged minorities to share in all of the benefits of our society." The group mobilized citizen participation in a convocation of eight hundred delegates in Washington on August 24, and has put forward two major proposals: an Emergency Work and Reconstruction Program under Federal auspices, and Earn and Learn Centers as the joint venture of business, labor, and local government.

To set these in perspective, we must first go back to the Employment Act of 1946 in which Congress, by a large bipartisan majority, affirmed that "It is the continuing policy and responsibility of the Federal government" to bring about "conditions under which there will be afforded useful employment opportunities . . . for those able, willing, and seeking work." As with so many commitments of the American people, particularly those affecting Negroes and the poor, this one has been fulfilled only in part.

Fifteen years elapsed after the passage of the Employment Act before Congress passed the first legislation to include provisions for training the unemployed and underemployed (Area Redevelopment Act). It took the country eighteen years —from 1946 until the tax-reduction program was passed in 1964—to make proper use of fiscal and monetary measures to establish and maintain a high level of output and employment. And it was not until 1965-1966, two decades after the passage of the Employment Act, that Congress took the first halting steps toward a job-creation plan of the most modest proportions—the Nelson-Scheuer and the Kennedy-Javits programs. These have provided jobs for the unemployed in public agencies concerned with beautifying rural America and in providing basic services to urban America.

The Coalition's proposal that the Federal government launch an Emergency Work and Reconstruction Program recalls the large-scale public works undertaken by the government during the great depression of the 1930's. The WPA provided jobs and income for the unemployed and helped to construct roads, parks, schools, and airports. But the men who were on WPA in the 1930's were a broader cross-section of the labor force in terms of age, skill, and color than are the unemployed of the slums today. Moreover, today the economy is operating at a high level and many jobs are unfilled. This much is clear: a simple replication of WPA would not be fully responsive to today's problems.

A Matter of Self-Respect

What would an effective job program entail? Apart from being adequate in scale and scope, providing a job for every man and woman able and willing to work, it would have to supply incentives to break the habits of prolonged idleness. For one thing, the jobs would have to carry a living wage. If a man is to gain a sense of accomplishment and self-respect from working, then he must be able to support himself and his family through his work. Today in New York City alone there are twenty thousand heads of household who are unable to earn enough through their work and must receive supplemental welfare allowances or food stamps. Furthermore, the jobs would have to be real jobs, not make-work assignments. The alienation of the slum population is deep enough: we must not isolate them further from the rest of society by offering them pseudo-jobs.

To this end, the jobs that are provided should be part of an employment structure that has built-in progression through supervision, on-the-job training, and promotion based on experience and seniority. If work is to be meaningful, it must provide opportunities for growth and self-improvement. This is of critical importance.

Can the Federal government design a job program that will fulfill these requirements? To understand the magnitude of this task, it is necessary merely to recall that WPA did not provide work for all; it did not offer a living wage; at least some of its jobs were make-work; and there was little or no opportunity for a man to advance up the job ladder. The Urban Coalition's proposal for a Federal job program, in short, has no model ready at hand.

The Federal government should certainly be able to mount a considerable number of useful projects in urban areas that would provide employment for many who are currently without work. But these alone would do little to meet the other important requirements—a living wage and career opportunities. Indeed, once the Federal government begins to pay a living wage to men and women on a work program, many now employed in the profit and non-profit sectors of the economy who earn less than a living wage may choose to join the ranks of the unemployed in order to qualify for the new program. According to the recent *Manpower Report of the President* the number of slum dwellers with subminimum wages

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exceeds by far the numbers who are unemployed.

Nor is this the only untoward eventuality that must be anticipated. What of the very substantial numbers of poor whites and poor Negroes who, despite the massive cityward migration of the last two decades, still live on farms or in rural nonfarm locations? We must expect them, too, to drift into the cities and attempt to get jobs on the Federal work program. A very substantial number of poor people, especially Negroes, did just that in the 1930's, once they realized that in the city they would have a better opportunity for employment, and that if they failed they would be eligible for one or another type of relief. Indeed, most of the population in today's slums are migrants from the South.

The truth is that it will not be possible to design a work program satisfactory to the disadvantaged of the slums without also creating a magnetic pull on many other poorly paid workers in the urban and rural economy, a pull so powerful that the Federal government would not be able to cope with the numbers seeking jobs on the new program.

WHAT THEN can the Federal government possibly do to help in the critically important area of employment?

Let us first consider the other end of the spectrum, the profit and nonprofit sectors, where good jobs are going begging, and where, even if they are eventually filled, few go to the unemployed of the slums. Many of these jobs, especially in manufacturing, are on the periphery of the metropolitan regions, two hours of travel time and three dollars of carfare away from the inner city. While fundamental improvements in interurban transportation will require years, the Federal government should be able to improvise.

Many of these unemployed are women with responsibilities for young children. But many of them would prefer to work if they could, and there are jobs awaiting them in hospitals, department stores, offices, and households. To take them, however, they must be able to leave their children in day care centers. The Federal government could do much more to speed the establishment, expansion, and improvement of such services.

The Federal government is the single largest employer in the country and through its contract compliance system can exercise a potent influence over hiring in the private sector. Many of the hard-core unemployed or underemployed are unable to apply for good jobs that pay well and have a future because of union restrictions or employers' hiring standards. A man without a high-school diploma or one with a police record is often automatically disqualified. The U.S. Civil Service Commission might take the lead to open job opportunities to those now excluded; the Federal government's contract mechanism could also be used effectively to the same end.

Some days ago, the newspapers carried a report of the special effort

that Mayor James H. J. Tate made to elicit the co-operation of Philadelphia businessmen in providing jobs for unemployed persons "in an effort to relieve racial tensions." He received pledges of 1,500 jobs from 250 employers. Among the jobs offered were those of waiters, dishwashers, maintenance men, painters, clerks, hospital aides, chauffeurs, and busboys. If the Federal government were persuaded that good jobs, not just any jobs, were an essential ingredient of a solution to our rising racial tension, it might well consider the advisability of devising a system of quotas—Britain has long had such a system for the physically disabled—in which every large and medium-sized employer must absorb a limited number of disadvantaged workers. It might also be willing to venture into another untested arena and provide subsidies for employers willing to absorb—and who demonstrate that they are able to retain and eventually promote—persons certified as handicapped for employment. The subsidy would be a method of underwriting the indoctrination and training costs involved in upgrading a man's qualifications.

Another approach open to Congress is to expand substantially the small number of workshops now subsidized by the Vocational Rehabilitation Administration in which disadvantaged people, especially older persons, are able to earn money and to make some useful contribution in a protected environment. Some of these, as their work habits, self-confidence, and skill improve, will eventually be able to move out into the general labor market.

We have identified several ways in which the Federal government can make a significant contribution to speeding the employment of the hard-core unemployed other than by seeking to do the whole job through a work program. It can and should move along the following axes: subsidize interurban transportation fares, expand day-care centers, adjust its own employment criteria and persuade its contractors to do likewise, explore the use of a quota system for placing the disadvantaged in jobs, consider the use of subsidies to the same end, and expand sheltered workshops to meet the needs of those who cannot be employed, initially or ever, in the competitive market.

These several recommendations are not easy to put into practice, but they have the merit that the unemployed of the slums would not only get jobs, but jobs that pay a living wage and have a future. These are the only jobs that many will accept. But unless angry, frustrated young Negroes see how these jobs will lead them to a better life, they may still reject them. Unless Negroes who earn a living wage can escape from the slums, many young people will see little point in trying to become self-supporting.

What about the Urban Coalition's

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proposal that business, labor, and local government co-operate to promote "Earn and Learn Centers in the cities of the country to provide job training and jobs"? What lessons can be extracted from our sizable experience with the different forms of training the hard-to-employ which the country entered upon five years ago under the Manpower Development and Training Act and to which it has directed ever increasing money and effort?

The Lessons of Experience

Several generalizations can be safely ventured. First, many of the hard-to-employ cannot be trained until they have been persuaded to come to a center for counseling and appraisal, have had pressing health defects remedied and have received instruction to meet basic literacy standards—all before entering the first training class. Many of the unemployed who need help most have neither the know-how nor the incentive to leave the "security" of their isolated but familiar corner of society for the uncertain gains that might follow upon fitting themselves into society at large. Therefore, the first major task is to make contact with them and to encourage them while they make the effort to acquire a skill.

We have also learned that the poor, adolescents and adults alike, must be paid while in training or they will not enter or complete a program. We know, too, that by far the most successful training takes place on the job. The process is usually easier where others are engaged in operating machines similar to those on which they are being taught.

Finally, many who complete training and who start on a job don't last. The reason usually is not that they have been poorly trained in skills but that their work habits are not satisfactory. They come late; they don't report at all on Mondays; they balk if asked to go on the night shift; they become belligerent if their work is criticized. Or they just feel unhappy in their new environment and drift back to their old haunts and companions. It may be necessary to counsel a man when he is first processed. But we have learned that many who have never held steady jobs must be supported as they make the difficult transition to the world of work. Without understanding employers, foremen, and fellow workers, many newly trained workers will not be able to make it.

FOR THIS REASON, centers in which to evaluate the unemployed and to provide various services for them are essential. They can provide some orientation and some supplementary instruction, but should not do the actual training.

Making the Earn and Learn Centers a joint responsibility of the principal groups in the community rather than a Federal government program is sound. Federal funds will be needed to help underwrite training allowances, but the bulk of the task requires the serious commitment of local entities. Business must take the lead in pinpointing its hiring needs and in helping to structure and staff the training programs. Labor must be much more co-operative than it has been under MDTA in supporting pre-apprenticeship training programs and it must abolish the restrictive requirements for apprenticeship to allow more minority youth to qualify. Finally, local government must make available its multiple services in education, health, and welfare. All these are inseparable, major efforts without which the training and retraining of the unemployed of the slums cannot succeed.

Programs and Priorities

SAR A. LEVITAN and GARTH L. MANGUM

THE RECENT RIOTS in city slums across the nation have been seen by many as evidence of the failure of the antipoverty and manpower programs. A more correct assessment was given by President Johnson in the wake of the violence that ravaged Newark and Detroit. After listing the major Great Society welfare and educational legislation, the President concluded, "Our work has just begun." He might also have added that a strange sense of priorities has been involved.

To be sure, billions have been spent for urban renewal, but little to house the families that were displaced. Federal aid has concentrated on insuring mortgages on middle-class homes, improving higher education and college housing, and building roads and airports to speed suburbanites to their downtown offices or to favorite vacation spots. Only the antipoverty program has been specifically designed for the poor, and its expenditures have been relatively modest. Congress appropriated $1.7 billion for the Office of Economic Opportunity during the last fiscal year. The amount may appear massive but actually it amounts to only $57 per poor person.

Dollars, however, provide little understanding. It was people who rioted and the relevant comparison is the number of people helped. The Economic Opportunity program was designed not to make poverty comfortable but to provide work, training, and various services as roads out of poverty. It was preceded by the Manpower Development and Training Act of 1962 which was originally designed to retrain experienced workers who had been displaced by technological change. However, as quickening economic growth reabsorbed them into new jobs, the program has gradually transferred its attention to a more disadvantaged clientele.

What We Are Doing

The Economic Opportunity Act established four key work and training programs. The Neighborhood Youth Corps provides some education and public employment at $1.25 an hour to poor youth both in and out of school. The Job Corps recruits youth from low-income families for training in residential centers. The Work Experience and Training Program aids public assistance recipients and other adult poor. The Community Action Program, among other activities, hires the poor to serve the poor in their neighbor-

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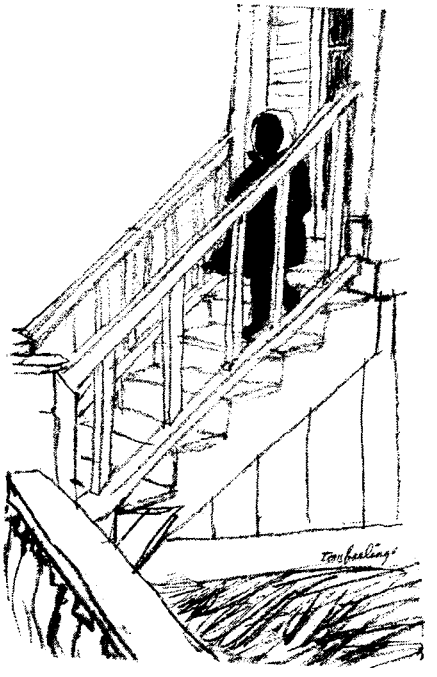
hoods. Other EOA job-creation and training programs are either too small to be significant or too new to have had an appreciable effect. Head Start and similar programs may make the greatest contribution in the long run but they have little relevance to immediate problems.

The number of persons involved provides a more accurate measure of the impact of the poverty programs than does the dollar outlay. No separate enrollment or completion data are available for slum residents, although breakdowns by race are published. But all slum residents are not Negro and all Negroes do not live in slums. Nevertheless, if Negro enrollment is accepted as a rough indication (probably an over-estimate) of the number of slum residents involved, the irrelevance of the programs to the riots is clear. More than two million Negroes experienced unemployment during 1966 and a third of them were idle for more than fifteen weeks. Another third of a million looked for work but did not find it at any time during the year. A half million of those with jobs worked only part-time but wanted full-time work. In addition, more than a quarter of a million Negro males in the prime working ages were outside the labor force and some 350,000 were not even found by the census takers. Nearly nine million Negroes are poor, even though two-thirds of their family heads worked full or part-time.

THESE figures are an indication of need. To what extent are those needs being met? According to the latest available statistics, MDTA enrolled 47,000 Negroes, though all the unemployed and many underemployed were eligible. With some 300,000 Negro youth eligible, the out-of-school Neighborhood Youth Corps had 33,000 enrolled. The Work Experience and Training Program enrolled 17,000 Negroes, though the eligible number exceeded half a million. Of 3.5 million poor Negro adults, some 30,000 were employed as "indigenous" Community Action Program aides. Only public welfare, providing income to about 3.3 million Negroes, can qualify as a massive program and it does nothing for rehabilitation or dignity and, in too many jurisdictions, little to alleviate utter deprivation. One of every six Negro families receives public assistance.

National statistics tend to blur into the unreality of multiple zeros. The situation in pre-riot Detroit, with its relatively well developed antipoverty and manpower program, may bring the order of



magnitudes into sharper focus. Despite record employment, the Michigan State Employment Service estimated 56,000 seeking jobs, 11,000 of them long-term unemployed, and 70,000 out of the labor force entirely—the "hidden unemployed." Unemployment among Negroes in the slum areas was twelve per cent. Yet at the same time, only 1,400 persons, white and nonwhite, were enrolled in MDTA projects in the entire metropolitan area. The Neighborhood Youth Corps had a total of 3,500 enrolled. The Work Experience and Training program had enrolled 1,700 persons. Only 340 Detroit boys were recruited for the Job Corps in fiscal 1967.

The relatively small size of the programs no more proves their merit than the riots prove their failure. Their value can only be demonstrated by their contribution to the employability and incomes of individual participants. In general, MDTA appears to have significantly bettered the employment and income experience of its graduates. The Neighborhood Youth Corps' in-school program has lowered dropout rates and the out-of-school program has provided temporary employment and income. The Job Corps has aided the approximately one-third who remained long enough to profit by the experience. The Work Experience and Training Program provided income to offset to some degree the capriciousness and niggardliness of public assistance programs, but half of the enrollees continued to depend upon relief after they had completed the programs. The Community Action Program has provided jobs but not futures. The total, given the magnitude of the problems, has left scarcely a scratch.

NEGROES have no monopoly on poverty and unemployment, though they bear the burdens of both disproportionately. Nearly twelve per cent of white persons lived in poverty during 1966 compared with forty-one per cent of Negroes; the incidence of unemployment among Negroes was more than double that of whites. Yet most of the unemployed and two-thirds of the thirty million poor persons are white. During 1966, 2.5 million persons were unemployed fifteen weeks or more; another 1.25 million looked for but did not find any work; 1.3 million males twenty-five to sixty-four years of age did not seek work, and more than five million worked for less than the Federal minimum wage. Almost two million family heads (ninety-five per cent of them male) worked the entire year without boosting their family income above the poverty level.

The categories overlap, but all are potential candidates for manpower and poverty programs. Yet at the latest count, the total enrollment in all programs attempting to reach these people was 290,000. Clearly, an adequate remedial program would require several times the current manpower and poverty budget, in addition to expansion of the preventative efforts of education and various social services. But while money talks, it isn't everything. Many middle-of-the-road members of Congress express, probably sincerely, a willingness to vote increased support once they are presented with proof of accomplishments. War was

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declared against poverty in 1964 with the weapons vaguely defined.

A hodgepodge of existing and proposed programs was thrown together for an experimental initial attack. The budget was kept deliberately small, awaiting experience to justify expansion. The expansion never came, partly because Vietnam provided an excuse to those who opposed the war on poverty. Also at fault were the administrators who developed a vested interest in their programs and defended them as if they were beyond compromise. At the same time, no adequate organizational capability was ever developed for efficient delivery of the available services. Yet neither administrators nor legislators have made serious efforts to expand the more successful programs.

Though some of the manpower and poverty programs have experienced but little success, the total effort has demonstrated the need for and effectiveness of a number of new functions: the searching out of the discouraged and apathetic; remedial education for the victims of deficient schools and adult basic education for those left behind by rising educational attainment; training allowances to make it possible for the poor and for family heads to learn skills; job development to sell the services of the disadvantaged; and supportive services to remove health and child-care barriers to employment. The list could be extended.

The Public Payroll

The most immediate need, particularly in the cities most threatened by riots and in depressed rural poverty pockets is deliberate endorsement of the role of government as "employer of last resort." The concept has become increasingly intriguing since it was recommended more modestly in a report by Senator Joseph Clark's Labor and Public Welfare Employment and Manpower subcommittee in 1964 and explicitly by the National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress in 1966. Several EOA programs flirt with the concept but fail to endorse it openly.

The notion has been receiving increasing attention from Congress. Earlier this year, Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut introduced a Public Service Employment Opportunities bill with an annual $2-billion price tag. Partly as a response to the riots, more bills along the same line have been introduced both in the Senate and in the House, including one reported by the Senate subcommittee on Employment, Manpower, and Poverty and another sponsored by the majority of the House Committee on Education and Labor, the respective committees in the Congress responsible for the enabling legislation. The Senate bill would expend $1 billion per year for "emergency" employment and the House bill would quadruple the cost. Chances for the passage of either bill, however, are not bright.

There is little proof of the frequently made assertion that the poor and unemployed don't want to work. The sixteen thousand Detroiters who applied last September in pursuit of three thousand new jobs and the hundreds who lined up for hours in Philadelphia on the last day of July to apply for five hundred low paid city jobs would seem to argue the contrary. The Detroit situation was of particular interest, in part because employment was already at a record level, but especially because a study was undertaken as to why the unsuccessful candidates lost out. The latter were followed up, interviewed, and counseled by the State Employment Service in an effort to identify their problems and to help them gain employment. Negroes were found to suffer more than whites from lack of education, skills, and work experience, but the white unemployed were more burdened with apathy, poor personal appearance, and bad work histories.

THERE is ample evidence of the need for more jobs. But it does not necessarily follow that a large-scale job-creation program must follow the WPA prototype. In our expanding economy, the private sector can be made a partner in the effort. Indeed, given the difficulties experienced by the government in organizing work and training programs, private industry can add significant and meaningful dimensions to the effort.

An open guarantee of employment opportunities might cost the public $10-billion per year. A more limited program could narrow eligibility to the long-term unemployed, to family heads, or to residents of slums and depressed rural areas. Whatever restrictions might be imposed on guaranteed employment programs, opportunities for training and remedial education should be provided for all seeking such aid. Yet even a program of this scope could not be counted on to buy riot insurance. Unemployment and underemployment certainly help to cause riots, but additional jobs may not necessarily prevent them in the short run.

Some progress has of course been made toward alleviating the prolonged depression and neglect of our city slums. But the accompanying chorus of promises far beyond the nation's willingness, though not its ability, to fulfill have muted the achievements. More recently the issue has been posed as one of guns and butter, but it is not. Certainly from an economic standpoint, the most effective antipoverty program of the 1960's was the Vietnam war, however unpleasant this may sound. To expand the demand for labor still further would aid primarily the disadvantaged, because most of the others already have jobs. But the cost would be a rising price level, and those who would be hurt by inflation have more political power than those who would gain the jobs.

The comfortable pre-1965 situation in which the growing Federal revenues generated by a progressive tax system could be siphoned off to the benefit of the social sector by either tax cuts or increased public expenditures is, alas, no longer with us. Truly massive sums are being poured into the Vietnam war. However, we have vast additional resources which we can bring to bear by reassessing our domestic social priorities. These include parts of the $50 billion nondefense Federal spending, the $82 billion state and local spending, the $50 billion retained corporate earnings, and the half a trillion dollars of disposable personal income. The inescapable conclusion is that antipoverty and remedial manpower efforts have low priority. That may be a deliberate public decision, but we should not deceive ourselves that the riots in our slums represent the failure of really substantial efforts.

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Private Industry's Factory Classrooms

RASA GUSTAITIS

PRIVATE INDUSTRY, finding itself unable to fill more and more good jobs because too many employees and applicants are functionally illiterate, is beginning to provide its own remedy by teaching the three R's. Indications are that industry will succeed where the public school system has failed and that in due course thousands of menial workers will be able to advance to better-paying jobs. Industry's motive is economic—it is cheaper to buy a basic adult-education course and promote present employees than to find scarce qualified workers through a process of testing and elimination—but the social benefits promise to be substantial. Many of the workers are members of minority groups with poverty-level incomes.

Industry's shortage of qualified manpower on many levels above the menial is growing—just as the plight of the hard-core jobless is worsened by the increased emphasis on skills: an estimated fifteen per cent of the adult population cannot read at the fourth-grade level. The situation at the Argo, Illinois, plant of the Corn Products Company is typical. Despite its suburban Chicago location, the plant has to let many good jobs go vacant. There is no lack of applicants, but nearly nine out of ten are turned away, most of them because they cannot pass the company's basic test that requires them to read, write, and figure at the fifth-grade level. The company also has been unable to fill these jobs by promotion because many of its long-time employees do not have the basic literacy skills to qualify for in-service training.

Last fall, seeking a way out of this dilemma, Corn Products decided to experiment. It offered a tape-recorded course in the three R's to a group of thirty-eight selected workers. The course, developed by thirty-year-old Charles Adams at the National Association of Manufacturers (NAM), cost the company $400 for each worker. The result is dramatically illustrated by the success story of Hayes Harris, who was a fifty-seven-year-old illiterate laborer at the Argo plant. Halfway through the course he took a qualifying examination for promotion. He did so well that he moved up three job levels and now runs a complex machine and earns $800 more a year.

Corn Products was pleased with the results of the course and the estimated saving of a hundred dollars per job over the cost of hiring new men. So pleased, in fact, that it not only decided to repeat and expand the course but also set Adams up in business as MIND (Methods of Intellectual Development), Inc., a Corn Products subsidiary, to market the instruction system.

NAM's Initiative

The MIND program began experimentally in 1963 after the NAM, alarmed at a drastic loss of members, decided to add some membership services to its traditional work of lobbying against "creeping socialism" and labor legislation. It hired new staff members, including Bennett E. Kline (now a vice president of Corn Products) and Adams, the son of a missionary-teacher, who had been a Russian linguist for Army Intelligence and an independent investment consultant.

The staff conducted a study aimed at identifying the major problems that industry was likely to face in 1980. The biggest problem, they soon decided, would be—if it wasn't already—the shortage of qualified manpower in increasingly automated plants. Industry has viewed this situation with alarm but, until recently, has offered almost no solutions.

"Industry is a hell of a problem solver," Adams said in an interview. "But we're conditioned to assume that the public schools will turn out what we need by way of manpower. By and large, industry has not felt basic training to be in its domain." Most of industry's education efforts are limited to in-service training and courses designed to broaden the knowledge of employees who are university graduates, filling them in on the many recent advances in technological and other fields. A few firms—Xerox, Diamond Alkali, Connecticut General Life Insurance, Campbell Soup, Western Electric—have small experimental basic education courses in their plants, but the vast majority have simply dismissed illiterate job applicants as unemployable.

In pursuit of its aim NAM asked for the help of the Board for Fundamental Education (BFE), an organization chartered by Congress and based in Indianapolis, that had been working on literacy, employment, housing, and other problems linked to poverty for some thirty years. BFE had a highly effective basic education program, Systems for Success, devised and copyrighted in 1964 by Dr. R. Lee Henney. It had been tried in the Indiana prison system and the Indianapolis community, and was also being tested at the Diamond Alkali plant in Deer Park near Houston. In the Indianapolis experiment, a group of about seventy people between the ages of fourteen and sixty-eight increased their reading ability by an average 3.5 grade levels in seventy hours.

ADAMS worked with Henney, studied his system, and then set out to develop a new one based on a computerized analysis of the language and programmed instruction. Kline and Adams say they were not satisfied with the BFE results and thought they could do better. A source close to BFE, however, believes that Adams saw the potential for profit in a basic-education service to industry and decided to go into business. NAM is neutral, endorsing neither system; William F. X. Flynn, director of NAM's Solutions to Employment Problems service, believes that the results of the two are roughly comparable. Because Systems for Success has been used in ten plants thus far but MIND, just starting, has only completed the one course in the Corn Products plant, all comparisons of cost and effectiveness must be tentative. At any rate, almost everyone believes that there is more than

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enough work for both organizations and that competition may lead to still better programs.

The major difference between MIND's system and BFE's is in the use of machines. BFE holds the view that for students who did poorly in school as children, contact with a well-trained teacher is more conducive to learning than contact with a machine. MIND's view is just the opposite. Programmed instruction entirely by tape recorder and workbooks, MIND says, emphasizes self-help and avoids the psychological problems that a classroom and a teacher might present. Its developers attribute much of the MIND program's success to the novelty and efficiency of the machines.

The MIND system does not require a trained teacher. Students listen with earphones to small transistor tape recorders ("Mindmasters") and write in workbooks. They work at their own speed, repeating lessons without being observed by anyone. When they want help, they may ask for the teacher, who is called a monitor. Some of the programming is unusual. For example, arithmetic lessons ("Power Math") start with addition and subtraction of numbers between one and ten. Against a background of soft music, the recorded voice reads the problems at ten-second intervals, providing time for students to count on their fingers. Then the intervals are cut to eight, six, four, and finally two seconds.

After first testing the MIND program with three groups of young people recruited from New York slum neighborhoods, Adams tested it on the thirty-eight employees in the Argo plant. This group averaged forty-two years of age and eight years of school, had worked at Argo for an average of fifteen years, and had fourth- and fifth-grade-level reading and arithmetic skills. The men spent two hours each day, before and after work, on the MIND program and, during seventy-nine hours of instruction, increased their word knowledge by an average 2.6 school-grade levels, their spelling ability by 2.2 grade levels, and their arithmetic by 3.2. "In other words, for every 7.9 hours in the MIND program the men increased their skills in reading by the equivalent of 2.6 months of school; in spelling by 2.2 months; and in arithmetic, by 3.2 months," according to Dr. Samuel Ball, associate professor of education and psychology at Teachers College, Columbia University, who evaluated the MIND program for NAM. Only five of the thirty-eight dropped out of the course, all for reasons unrelated to the work.

Kline expects that at least twenty per cent of the Argo plant's employees eventually will take the course. He also hopes to incorporate the program into the hiring process so that applicants will no longer be turned away because of illiteracy.

And he plans to offer higher-level MIND programs when they become available. "I expect we'll be teaching college physics before we're through," he said. "Why not?"

Other Applications

From its headquarters in Greenwich, Connecticut, MIND in its first six months has sold its new product to some fifty firms who are beginning the courses. The cost is now $250 per person if the buyer administers the program and $450 if MIND administers it. The firm expects to do a million dollars' worth of business this first year. Adams continues to experiment and expand the program. This spring the bottom ten freshmen and sophomores in the remedial math class at Argo High School were given a MIND course and after twenty-two hours had improved by 1.43 grade levels, Adams said. This summer a course in English was given at the Corn Products plant to Spanish-speaking children and parents from the Argo community.

Although MIND aims at private industry as its main market, the government, too, is showing interest in the program as a potentially useful tool in the war on poverty. In Lawrence, South Carolina, a small town between Greenville and Columbia, a group of sixty Negroes and forty whites is taking a MIND course as part of a Community Action Program sponsored by the Office of Economic Opportunity. (The government also uses BFE's Systems for Success; the Department of Health, Education and Welfare recently signed a contract to provide that program to sixteen hundred steelworkers in Baltimore and Gary.)

The social implications of these developments in teaching the three R's are many. Adams says that the future of basic adult education lies in industry because "That's where the money is and that's where the need is and that's where you can move fast enough. If we want to revolutionize the public school system we have to figure fifty years—in industry we can figure two." But it is not inconceivable that the schools will change much faster as more and more corporations adopt the new programs and the examples of success multiply.

These new programs may also go a long way toward alleviating the problem of poverty, not only by helping menial workers gain jobs that pay wages above the poverty level but also by making employment possible for thousands of people now deemed unemployable because of limited education or the language barrier. And since many of these menial workers and unemployables are Negroes, corporations like Corn Products, in making basic education a part of the employment process, can meet some of the criticism on hiring that has been leveled against them by civil-rights organizations. This is what Eastman Kodak did in Rochester, New York, last year in the face of demands that it put more Negroes in better jobs. In Kodak's case, BFE was called in to administer the program.

Enlightened self-interest is leading private industry onto paths of social betterment once reserved for the schools and social-welfare programs. The motive may be profit, but the benefits of this growing private war on poverty will be shared not only by the teaching firms and the employers but by the workers and the nation as well.

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Our New Team in Saigon

DENIS WARNER

"WE ARE FIGHTING a limited war with limited objectives with limited resources," Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker said soon after arriving in Saigon to take over from Henry Cabot Lodge. "This is a very difficult thing to do." High among the self-imposed U.S. limitations, as Bunker quickly discovered, is management. Despite an investment of half a million servicemen and more than $20 billion a year, Washington's policy of restraint endows its ambassador, its military commander, its AID officials, and all others involved in U.S.-Vietnamese relationships with powers only of persuasion. This is not just a matter of paying lip service to Vietnamese authority. A CIA official who once halted a general intent on staging a coup, thereby rendering a signal service to his own country and to Vietnam, was disciplined for giving orders to a Vietnamese. No one keeps rejection slips for advice offered and declined, but the volume, always heavy, has not diminished with time.

Bunker was under no illusions about the policy or its restraints when he accepted the appointment in March, although it is perhaps doubtful whether he was aware of the extent to which some Vietnamese are proof against persuasion, or the built-in barriers that have been created to protect their sovereignty. The case of the commander of a singularly noncombative Vietnamese division operating, or at least stationed, close to Saigon is far from typical, but it serves to illustrate the management problems that confronted Bunker. The commander denounced the Chinese, the French, and other "enemies" of Vietnam, including the United States. "We beat the Chinese and we beat the French and in time we will beat the Americans," he was reported to have said.

It was scarcely the sort of comment that could be allowed to pass unremarked. But the command of Vietnamese divisions, especially in the Saigon area, has political connotations, and the government of Vietnam showed no inclination to see the general removed. One easy way to force his hand, it seemed, was to cut off military supplies. In practice, however, it was neither easy nor feasible. The U.S. authorities in Saigon have no say in the distribution of military equipment destined for the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN). Once it has left American ports, it is the property of the government of Vietnam to distribute or to dispose of as it may.

"Isn't there any way we can bring pressure to bear?" asked a harassed official new to Vietnam. He was told that it was within the U.S. power to withhold air and artillery support from the division but, because the Vietcong would soon perceive the new vulnerabilities, the division itself might soon cease to exist, though the general would remain to plague the Americans.

New Team, New Dream

Within the limitations imposed on his mission, Bunker has set out to create order and to bring effective management to this potentially anarchic situation. Unlike Lodge, a loner who often kept his most important communications with Washington secret from all members of his staff, Bunker is a team man.

On one occasion Lodge was in the middle of important peace explorations with the Polish delegate to the International Control Commission when the U.S. Air Force bombed the outskirts of Hanoi. This led to the collapse of the talks and to undeserved opprobrium for the Air Force, which had neither been briefed about the talks nor requested to keep away from Hanoi. With the New Team—and it merits both the capitals and the emphasis on cooperation—it is inconceivable that such an error could occur. There is both carefully planned division of labor among the top members of the team, and, in addition to the broader discussions in the Mission Council, a free and frank exchange of information and ideas among them at weekly sessions presided over by Bunker and attended by General William C. Westmoreland, Ambassador Eugene M. Locke, Bunker's deputy, and former Special Presidential Assistant Robert W. Komer, who once described himself as "the gadfly on the steed of state."

To understand the nature of their task; it is also necessary to understand the changing circumstances of the war. Two and a half years ago, for instance, the ARVN's strategic reserve of ten battalions had been lured into scattered set-piece actions by the Vietcong and all but destroyed. Destroyed, also, was the will of the rest of ARVN to continue the fight. The United States either had to get in or get out. Once the decision was taken, the need was to move American

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forces and their logistic support into the country in a hurry, to restore military and civilian morale, and to foster some sort of governmental stability in Saigon. The problem at this stage was not to win the war but to stave off defeat.

NEW NEEDS arose with the success of this American operation. During the following year, forces brought in initially to defend and secure main bases were reinforced to permit active offensive patrolling, out of which grew Westmoreland's search-and-destroy operations, the reopening of major lines of communications for military convoys, and eventually multidivisional operations into the main Vietcong base areas north and west of Saigon. Westmoreland became the American field commander. It was full-time duty, permitting no time to care for the ARVN and its troubles or for pacification, which was now being translated from theory into practice as a major move to deny the rural areas to the Vietcong. Westmoreland was not only short of time; neither he nor anyone else had the authority or the means to co-ordinate the war effort. The temptation was to regard pacification and all its component parts as "the other war," as if in some way it was separate from and subordinate to the main conventional effort. Too often it was.

Quite apart from the need to relate military operations to the protection of areas listed for pacification, there were also problems of co-ordination within the pacification program itself. The program grew out of a number of successful small-scale experiments at the province level. Not surprisingly, the attempt at the mass reproduction of excellence sometimes proved discouraging. Many of the early Vietnamese cadres who went to the training center at Vung Tau were draft dodgers or inexperienced youths. They went back to their provinces only half trained. Too often they were employed on tasks they were ill-fitted to perform. Some province chiefs tended to use them as shock troops against the Vietcong. Others moved them from hamlet to hamlet too quickly and before they had a chance to train hamlet defense teams.

The ARVN at this stage was of little help. It had been trained to think in terms of controlling ground, not people. To deploy forces passively in defense of Revolutionary Development teams was a new and often unacceptable concept. Or, if it was acceptable to one element in the tangled skein of military and provincial command, it was unacceptable to another.

The province chief, who almost without exception is a military man, is under the divisional commander, who in turn is responsible to the corps commander. In addition, government ministers are able to exercise independent authority. The wonder in this situation is not that pacified or partly pacified hamlets were sometimes left unprotected but that the Revolutionary Development

program did not follow earlier and ill-fated efforts down the drain.

General Nguyen Duc Thang, the able and effective Minister for Revolutionary Development, worked tirelessly and with great understanding to eliminate the shortcomings on the Vietnamese side. His report drawn up in September, 1966, was one of the frankest ever prepared by a Vietnamese government official. It led to the correction of many faults, though not always to the better co-operation of the Vietnamese Corps commanders, some of whom were unhappy with the decision to redeploy a substantial proportion of ARVN troops in defense of Revolutionary Development operations.

The difficulties were not all on the Vietnamese side. Almost every section of the U.S. mission, including the CIA, AID, and the Joint Public Affairs Office, has had a hand in pacification. Under Lodge, the embassy rejected military pressure to give operational direction to the U.S. Military Command. Pacification, it was argued, was primarily a civilian matter. The creation of the Office of Civil Operations in November, 1966, was an attempt to find a compromise solution, to simplify and to co-ordinate American field operations, and, by the creation of sub-embassies in the four corps areas, to ensure the smoother working of joint Vietnamese-U.S. pacification activities. It was a step in the right direction but it didn't go far enough. Serious weaknesses remained in the combined effort, of which two were especially significant. The eradication of the Vietcong hamlet and village organization is basic to any success in pacification. Yet because this is normally a Police Special Branch task and the province chiefs are mostly military men, the police tended to be pushed into the background and the Vietcong remained embedded in the hamlets, biding their time. Above all, there was still no real management.

Combined Operations

One of Bunker's first acts as ambassador was to turn over U.S. responsibility for pacification to Westmoreland. His plan called for Office of Civil Operations regional representatives to become civilian deputies to the field-force commanders and for the two organizations at the field-force level, OCO and the military staff, to be merged into a single civilian-military organization to deal with the problem of advising and supporting the Vietnamese. "It will be more effective to operate under a single management concept," Bunker said. As he sees it, there is no longer a purely military war and "the other war" but simply one war.

The difficulties of reorganization under the new plan have lasted longer than anyone expected, and there are still many who wonder how effectively it will work. Except among the military, there is also all but unanimous agreement that to give the military a free hand in pacification could be disastrous. This is not, however, the intention. Westmoreland is titular head, but Komer, as his deputy, is in effect Commander-in-Chief, Pacification. This means that all the resources in the hands of the military, plus the U.S. Com-

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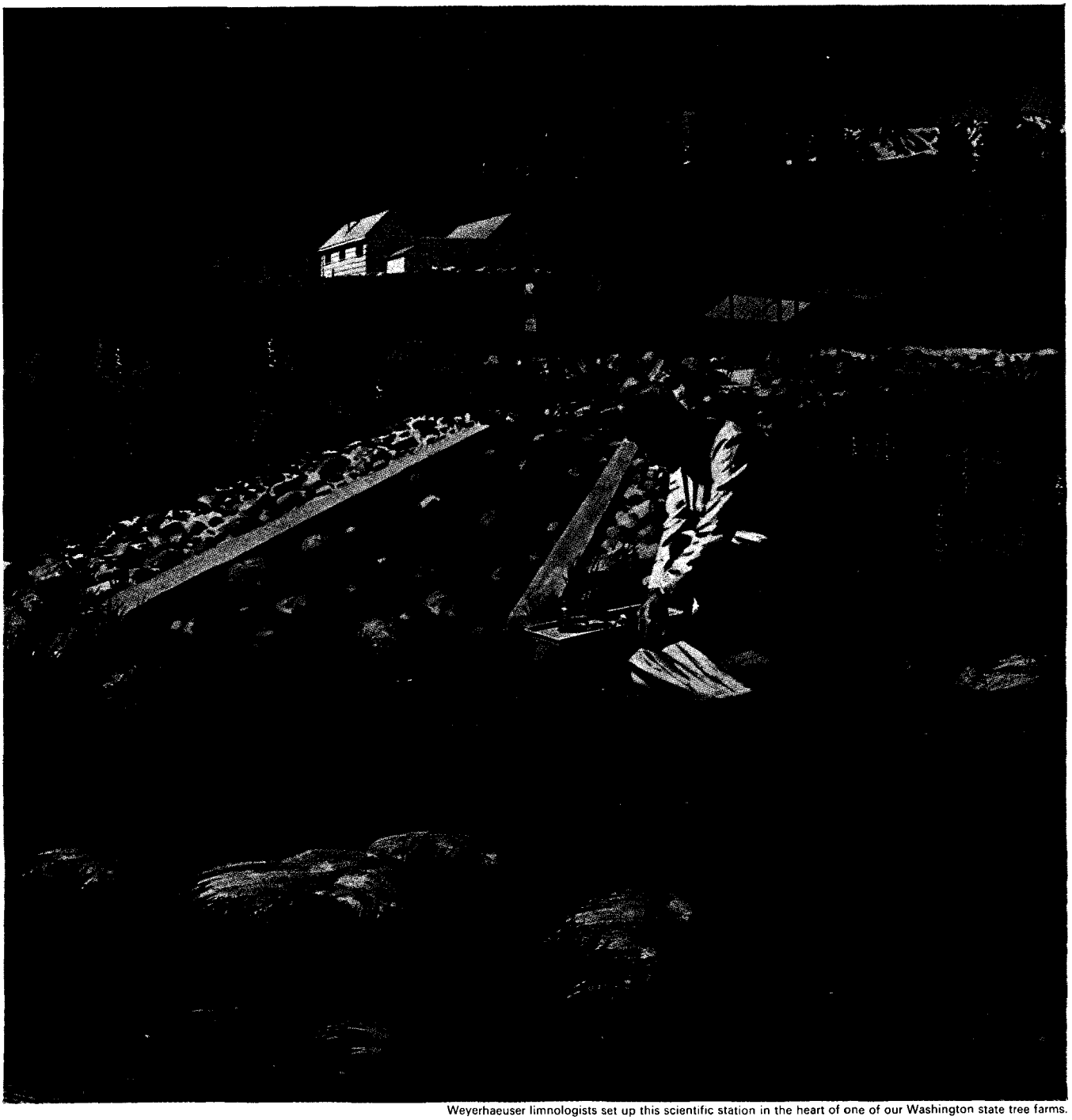

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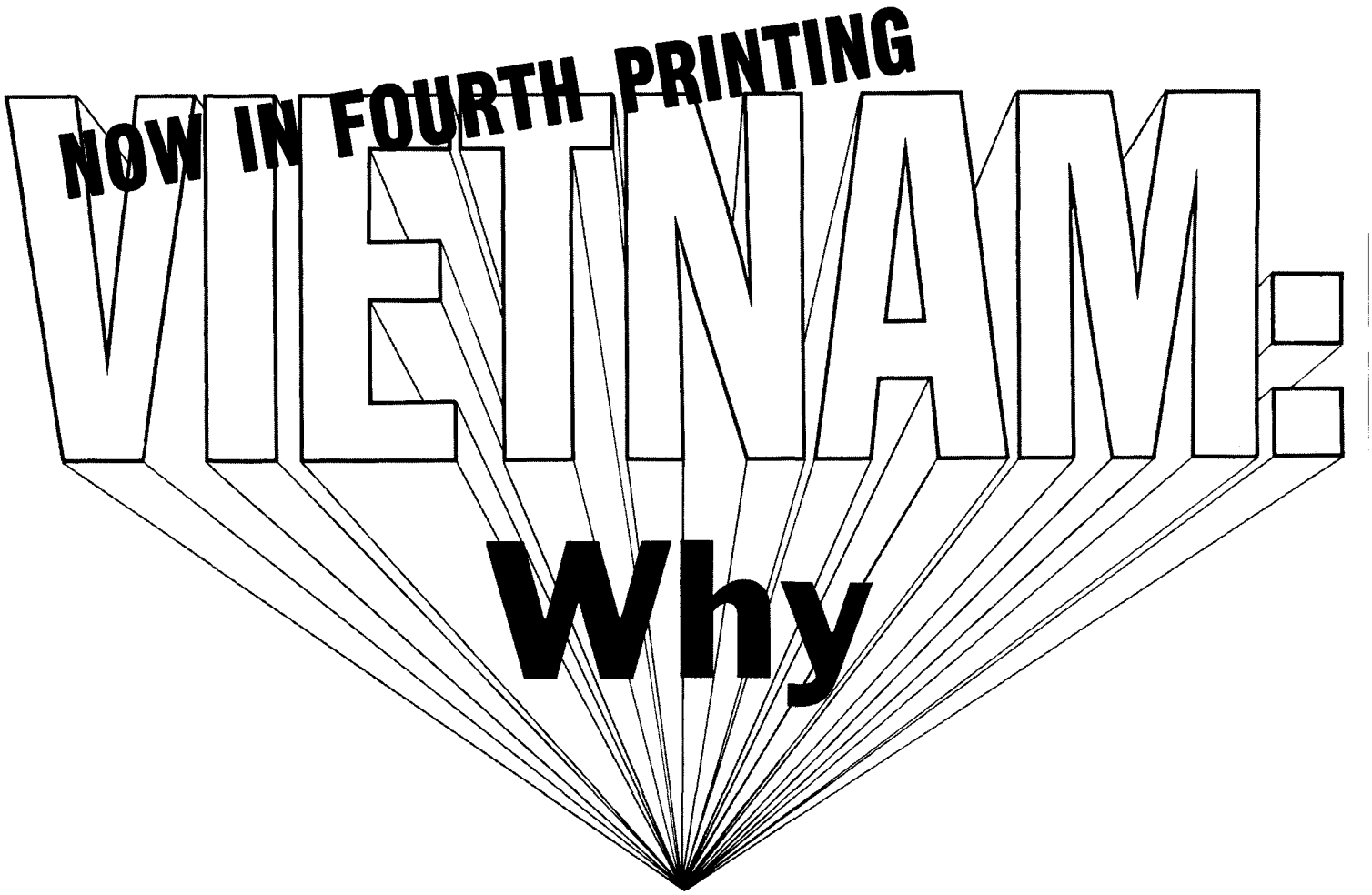

With the first three printings of *Vietnam: Why* sold out, and orders for the book still coming in at a fast rate, The Reporter has gone back on press to print a fourth edition.

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mand's authority with the ARVN, will be available in support of pacification, without in any sense passing over command to the military.

With any man of lesser talents or with a thinner skin than Komer's, the prospects of translating this theory into action might seem remote. But Komer combines brilliance and energy with the sting of a wasp and the hide of an elephant. He is unashamedly and deliberately the biggest name-dropper in Vietnam. "I can't wait for the day when he rings the White House and finds the line is busy," said a critic, infuriated by one of the hail of Komergrams that have descended on the mission staff since his arrival.

Although he says he has no intention of taking on his shoulders all the tasks that weighed down his able and overworked predecessor, William J. Porter, Komer demands to know all. No fact is accepted as such until Komer has shaken it out; no detail is too small to catch his eye. "Noticed line at such-and-such rice shop," a Komergram is likely to go off to the agricultural division. "Shortage? Why?"

He has questioned everything from what he regards as the lack of positive news in the U.S. Command's briefings to the value of leaflets dropped in rural (and therefore only partly literate) areas of North Vietnam. Much more importantly, however, with Komer in the driver's seat the danger of troops being withdrawn from pacification areas to meet major military threats elsewhere will diminish. The priorities are Westmoreland's to decide, but Komer is there to argue the case against precipitate action that could endanger the pacification program. Some of his sharpest critics a year ago were pacification technicians who regarded his report to the President on "the other war" as wildly overoptimistic and even untrue. His critics then are his champions now. "If anyone can make pacification work, this guy will do it," said one of his formerly critical subordinates.

This is to exaggerate his role, however. Komer is simply part of the co-ordinated team. The success that attends Westmoreland's efforts in dealing with the main-force Communist units, both Vietcong and Northern, and the performance of the ARVN, which, still in an advisory way, has become the primary responsibility of another newcomer, General Creighton W. Abrams, Jr., will both have a profound effect on pacification. So will Bunker's self-assignment—politics—and that of Ambassador Locke, whose allotted field is the optimum use of manpower.

Problems with a Wrong Army

The ARVN is neither as good nor as bad as it is sometimes described. "There are some damned good ARVN units and there are some piss-poor units, too," said a senior adviser. By and large, the Airborne, the Rangers, and the Marines are good. The regular divisions are at best patchy and at worst very bad. In the crucial month of May, one division succeeded in killing precisely twelve Vietcong. Another, the 1st, gave an extremely good account of itself in action in I Corps.

Right from the beginning, the ARVN was the wrong sort of army for the security needs of South Vietnam. Organized by Ngo Dinh Diem as a French colonial army and trained by American advisers who in the 1950's had little knowledge of revolutionary war, it was equipped and deployed to guard the borders against a conventional threat, which in those days did not exist. It had neither the means nor the understanding to cope with the insurgency as it developed. Furthermore, the progressive creation of light and field divisions and the establishment of corps commands led to the excessive concentration of power in the hands of generals who almost inevitably became minor warlords and sometimes were thoroughly corrupt.

A second basic weakness is leadership, at the top and in the field. "Our poor generals, I feel so sorry for them and all the casualties they've suffered," said one of the civilian candidates for the South Vietnamese presidency, tongue in cheek. "We've lost all our best generals over and over again on the political battlefield, but never one to Vietcong action." There is justification for this bitter sarcasm. Minh, Don, Thi, Khanh, Dinh, Xuan, Co—one by one they have been deposed, dismissed, imprisoned, or exiled. In fact, General Nguyen Van Thieu, now Chief of State, is the only survivor among the senior officers who were responsible for the coup d'état against Ngo Dinh Diem four years ago.

At the field level, part of the problem arises out of the French colonial legacy that every commissioned officer or candidate for the rank of commissioned officer be required to have completed the equivalent of the first year of a college course. The effect in Vietnam has been to superimpose an urban military leadership on a predominantly peasant rank and file, with predictable consequences in understanding, loyalty, and esprit. A system of field promotions and the selection of noncommissioned officers who have performed well to attend officer training schools has been introduced, but the output does not meet the needs. In other fields, there is a catalogue of deficiencies crying out for remedy. Pay, although recently increased, is still inadequate, and the leave system is left unwisely to the discretion of the unit commander. The lack of pensions for wounded soldiers and for the families of those killed in action is a cause for bitter complaint. The ration system is open to abuse, and corruption is endemic. At lower levels, the Popular and Regional Forces, the unsung heroes of the war who have for years taken on a disproportionate share of the fighting and the casualties, still lack equipment and fare much worse than the regular forces in conditions and pay.

With the pacification reshuffle under way, Bunker called on Westmoreland for a report on the ARVN. By the middle of June, Westmoreland's forty-four-point plan for its revitalization was on Bunker's desk. His recommendations are secret, but some of the likely changes are self-evident. There is, for instance, an urgent need for the creation of an inspectorate-general within the armed forces. Conditions of service demand review. And with more and more battalions of ARVN being redeployed to protect the pacification teams, the time has come to re-examine the corps formations, with their built-in opportunities for warlordism and corruption. If this is carried to its logical conclusion, the ARVN will be divided in two—a territorial force shaped for the needs of the pacifica-

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tion program and a small regular army for use against main-force Communist units.

There are also plans for the much more extensive use of joint U.S.-Vietnamese forces. The experience of the U.S. Marines in I Corps with Combined Action companies has been extremely rewarding. In fact, in all Vietnam there is nothing so encouraging as the response the Marines have evoked from the Popular Forces with whom they have worked side by side in the defense of villages, some of which are in the heart of territory that the Vietcong regard as theirs. U.S. Army experiments have also proved successful, and more economical in the use of American manpower.

IN THE FINAL analysis, however, the best efforts of Westmoreland with the American forces, Abrams with ARVN, and Komer with pacification will be in vain if the constitutional advances that led to the presidential and senatorial elections on September 3 are not maintained. Bunker is acutely aware that the only secure and enduring safeguard against Communist revolution is good government. In June, when Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky jumped the gun in the presidential election campaign and General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the national police chief and Ky's closest friend and associate, was deploying his forces to ensure Ky's election at any cost and by all means, Bunker moved quickly to show his dissatisfaction with the course of events.

Without doubt, it was Bunker's luncheon for Thieu and Ky on June 19 that emboldened Thieu to force the showdown in the military Directory, which ten days later led to Ky's dramatic withdrawal from the main race and his acceptance of second place on Thieu's ticket and, more importantly, put an end to the most blatant plans for ballot rigging, which would have discredited the governments of both South Vietnam and the United States.

It is still much too early to attempt to assess the New Team's accomplishments. It can be said, however, that it has a clear understanding of what needs to be done and, within the limitations of its advisory role, of how to go about it.

The Primary Primary

MARTIN NOLAN

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE Presidential primary is often maligned as a tourist trap of politics. Like a bogus antique to be bought by the city slicker, it is—according to critics—an exaggerated, expensive bauble, distracting men from the more serious tasks involved in preparing themselves for the Presidency. Yet nobody ignores the New Hampshire primary. It provides the first actual ballot contest of the election year and thus offers a more valid sample of public opinion to those unreconstructed politicians and voters who still distrust the findings of Gallup, Harris, Roper, *et al.* Only twice in this century has the Republican party ignored the advice of its New Hampshire voters—in 1920, when it nominated Warren G. Harding, and in 1964, when it chose Barry M. Goldwater.

The state's one hundred thousand Republican voters will be under more than usual scrutiny next year, since the March 12 primary promises to feature the only uncomplicated, head-on collision between former Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Michigan Governor George W. Romney. They are the leading candidates of the moment and New Hampshire voters may determine just how momentary their lead may be.

Most of next year's primaries have already been staked out as favorite-son preserves, partly in the cause of various Vice-Presidential aspirations and partly in the hope that a "brokered" convention might prevent what happened to the party in 1964. This yearning for a "brokered" convention and the concomitant hopes for a "dream" ticket is a symptom of feeling among Republicans this year. Another hallmark is the virtual absence of the ideological rancor that dominated the party at this time four years ago. In New Hampshire, as elsewhere, it is difficult to find leading party officials who harbor serious ideological objections to any candidate. This benevolence may be nothing more than the desperate unity of party workers who got their fingers badly burned in 1964. The New Hampshire Republican chairman, John Palazzi, wishes his state could join the great withdrawal and send an uncommitted delegation to Miami Beach next August. This feeble hope is certain to be quashed by the ambitions of Nixon and Romney. Besides, it would spoil what little fun remains in the nation's first primary.

Although its outcome will be crucial to both combatants, the first primary is not likely to be a particularly bloody encounter. Nixon and Romney may agree as often as they disagree. Nixon's platform will surely not include abolishing Social Security nor sawing off the Eastern seaboard from the rest of the country. Neither will his campaign style include direct attacks on Romney. The Michigan governor is also likely to avoid an *ad hominem* offensive. Romney's ideological beliefs, too, will not be likely to contrast sharply with those of his adversary since they will be camouflaged in his own distinctive moralistic musings.

Nixon's Dilemma

The most traveled politician in the world today, Richard Nixon has journeyed to New Hampshire many times to praise Republican office-seekers, important and otherwise. For this, he has been rewarded and hopes to be rewarded again. In 1956, amidst a "dump-Nixon" movement, 22,100 New Hampshire citizens wrote in his name for Vice President (a show of affection partly engineered by the late Senator Styles Bridges and his lieutenant, Governor Lane Dwinell, who announced that "it would be nice" to have a Nixon write-in campaign). In 1960, with no organized opposition, he received 65,200 votes for President. Another write-in effort in 1964 gave Nixon 15,600 votes for President. Nixon is no stranger to New Hampshire and it can truly be said of the

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1968 primary that if it were held today, he would win easily.

But the primary is not being held today. Sentiment for Nixon is now confined to the passionate few among Republican voters, whose year-round preoccupation with politics naturally inclines toward repaying the former Vice President for yeoman service. Most New Hampshire voters today are concerned about the weather or the Red Sox, not about Richard Nixon or any other politician. This apathy dictates Nixon's campaign strategy; he must cash in his chips early. Whatever his attributes of intelligence, pluckiness, or persistence, Nixon lacks the attraction of a fresh face in politics. He needs the party regulars to remind voters of past performance before he sets out to gain attention for his current views.

Before his wife's illness forced him to resign as chairman of the Nixon for President Committee, Dr. Gaylord B. Parkinson, former party chairman in California, had been touring New Hampshire all summer. The Nixon candidacy must lead from strength, Parkinson figured, so the San Diego obstetrician made house calls, seeking pledges from those he hopes will be the most influential party leaders next March. Parkinson's hard-sell journey has been a success, and several former governors and other party officials are ready to rally around Nixon. These officials, however, are those who sponsored Barry Goldwater's candidacy here in 1964. Their presence on the Nixon bandwagon is not exactly a cause for despair among the Romney forces.

Romney's handlers have settled on a soft-sell policy in dealing with party patriarchs. When the Michigan governor began a July 4 "vacation" at Lake Winnipesaukee, several receptions were staged—for the press, for young men from the academic communities, and for established party leaders. Former governors, former congressmen, and former candidates were assured that the reception was "strictly social" and that their presence implied no endorsement or even interest in Romney's candidacy. As a result, most of those invited showed up, including many whose ideological attitudes hardly coincide with Romney's.

To most New Hampshire voters, the Michigan governor is a name in the newspapers, a face on the television screen, and little else. This low visibility, if it helps conceal his reputation for verbal ineptitude, would please Romney's managers, National Chairman Leonard Hall and Regional Chairman David B. Goldberg. Goldberg, a Boston lawyer, is a specialist in candidates whose views are *tabula rasa*. In 1964, he led a small, light-hearted band of amateurs that captured the 1964 primary for Henry Cabot Lodge, then serving as ambassador to South Vietnam. The efforts of Goldberg's group gave Lodge, 33,000 write-in votes. In the delegate contest, a hastily-organized slate of housewives and truck drivers pledged to Lodge steamrollered the state's most glittering names, pledged either to Goldwater or New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller.

Goldberg is now president of Campaign Consultants, Inc., a decidedly non-amateur group selling political advice for "$300 a day, but with lower prices in volume sales." Goldberg says his group has been designated as "Romney regional commissars for New England." To combat an expected emphasis on Nixon's experience and knowledge of foreign affairs, Goldberg has counseled "a folksy, unsophisticated approach," similar to that which three times elected Romney governor of Michigan. The combative element that marked those campaigns will probably be missing from the New Hampshire primary because of Nixon's high-level strategy. But just as Romney is uncomfortable with the support of a political machine, so is he accustomed to creating villains, whether they be opponents or merely the forces of sloth, obstructionism, or negative thinking. In New Hampshire, Romney needs a new crusade. In New Hampshire, he will find an appropriate target in William Loeb.

New Hampshire's Citizen Kane

Loeb is the most powerful single influence on politics in the state. Publisher of the Manchester *Union Leader*, the state's largest newspaper, its only morning paper, and the only one with statewide circulation, Loeb has long enraged or delighted his readers and terrorized most of the state's politicians. The *Union Leader* is unique in American journalism. Every edition is a collector's item because of Loeb's front-page polemics. Although his editorial loyalties can be extraordinarily fickle, Loeb's initial reactions are strong, as Romney has discovered. When the governor began his vacation here, he was greeted by a front-page editorial signed by Loeb and entitled:" GEORGE ROMNEY CAN'T AND SHOULDN'T WIN," in which Romney was charged with having "cut the political throat of Barry M. Goldwater." With this mortar fire of invective against Romney already begun, Loeb will loom large as an issue in the primary.

Democrats have found fun and profit in running against Loeb in elections; but in Republican primaries, the publisher's voice is more commanding. Last year, to choose an opponent for Democratic Senator Thomas J. McIntyre, Loeb reached into the remote Air Force base at Goose Bay, Labrador, to embrace Brigadier General Harrison R. Thyng, who promised an end to the Vietnam war within ten days through air power. Thyng's return from active duty and subsequent public appearances were celebrated in the *Union Leader*, which also urged the general to run for the Senate. Loeb's blitzkrieg publicity campaign and editorial support propelled Thyng to first place in the six-way primary with 22,700 votes. (Thyng later lost to McIntyre in the Senate race.)

Loeb's power presents no dilemma for Romney, however, since he has almost no choice but to fight it. Nixon, on the other hand, must decide whether he can afford to alienate the affections of some twenty thousand Loeb followers. If Nixon jumps the publisher's ideological traces, Loeb might favor one of several draft movements begun for retired Air Force General Curtis LeMay or Governor Ronald Reagan of California.

Draft movements for non-candidates present Nixon and Romney with a common peril, especially after New Hampshire in Wisconsin, Nebraska, and Oregon, where looser primary laws encourage a wide field. Nixon's chief danger is Reagan, who warms hearts with that old Goldwater fire. Romney is haunted by the belief that most of his followers are eager for a revival of Rockefeller's candidacy. This polarization of attitudes has been met by a counter-

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force, trying to unite the governors of the two largest states on the same ticket.

Right now, a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket is discussed by Republicans with the same wistful, starry-eyed intensity with which young baseball fans conjure up an outfield of Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, and Ted Williams. But the aimless cyclone of political publicity can take a fantasy of politics and breathe into it a life of its own. Richard L. Lyons of the Washington *Post* reported that Representative Louis C. Wyman, a deeply conservative New Hampshire Republican, favored a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket. Although Wyman has since denied Lyons' report, he nevertheless plans to sit out the Romney-Nixon contest in his own state, transfixed by the vision of the dream ticket.

But the unity slate is something more than a convenient fence to sit on, as evidenced by attitudes at the Republican Governors Conference this June in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. Two Goldwater backers, Governors Tim Babcock of Montana and Stanley K. Hathaway of Wyoming, were asked to assess various candidates. Each governor, in separate interviews, passed up the opportunity to dismiss Rockefeller as already having had his chance. Instead, Hathaway called him "one of the most qualified men in public life." On the other side, liberal Governors Tom McCall of Oregon and Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland volunteered praise for Reagan, Agnew opining that "He's doing very well" and that he would carry Maryland against President Johnson. If such men on both sides can control a brokered convention, the dream ticket might be no dream. Few Republican leaders think that Reagan would spurn the offer of the Vice Presidency.

In the meantime, strategic dreams give way to practical realities here this winter, as Nixon and Romney slosh through the snow for votes. By March 12, each man will have had the chance to demonstrate whether he is the candidate Republicans are looking for: a man who can excite voters without getting them too excited, a man who can keep the country awake without terrifying it.

Can Hussein Survive?

J. H. HUIZINGA

AMMAN, JORDAN

At first sight nothing seems changed in Jordan. There is hardly a sign of the war that so recently cut the country in half. Though the capital's airport runways were plowed up by Israeli Mirages, only a trained eye can find any trace of the damage. In Amman itself, not a window appears to have been broken, and even on the strategic highway to the West Bank there was practically nothing to remind one of the lightning war.

It was only when I visited one of the refugee camps that I realized what a price tens of thousands of ordinary Arabs have had to pay for the irresponsibility of their leaders, who for the third time challenged an enemy far too strong for them. The camp is some thirty miles south of the capital in a region where the thinly cultivated plateau makes way for the most desolate of deserts, without a tree or a shrub or a hillside to offer protection against the merciless sun and the tearing wind that blows up suffocating clouds of dust. The only thing the six thousand tent dwellers have been provided with to keep down the dust is a bit of gravel. But there is not nearly enough of it to cover the whole vast camp of well over a thousand flimsy tents, only enough for a few square feet in front of some of these. The dust plague is made all the worse by a shortage of water. The refugees queue up at a tank truck once or twice a day to collect their meager rations in an old tin or saucepan.

While some of them have known the demoralization of refugee life since fleeing before the Israelis in 1948, many others—farmers, craftsmen, municipal employees who led normal working lives until two months ago—are suffering the soul-destroying experience of total idleness for the first time. There is literally nothing for them to do all day long, not even to cook, for the daily rations, representing about twelve hundred calories, are handed out ready to eat. There is no school for the children and nothing for them to play with except stones in the dust. There is scarcely a cigarette or an old newspaper or magazine with which to seek a brief respite from their misery. Existence is reduced to the animal level: eating, drinking, and sleeping, insofar as it is possible for five people crowded in a flapping tent to find sleep under

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the one blanket each person is given against the chill desert night.

Fourth-Round Delusions

Only one diversion is available to them, or at any rate to those who managed to salvage a transistor radio from the wreck of their lives. They can listen to the hoarse voice whose never-varying theme even a non-Arabic speaker like myself could grasp as the words were endlessly repeated: "Arabyia . . . Jehud . . . Arabyia . . . Jehud." It is the voice of their leaders, which today, more vehemently than ever, urges them to victory and vengeance.

After talking with the Arabs in Amman, I began to wonder whether it was perhaps true that every people gets the leaders it deserves. The total lack of realism I met with, the mythomania, the obstinate refusal to face facts, were such that perhaps no leader could survive if he were to try to go against the stream. Beset by internal and external enemies who would jump at the chance to raise a hue and cry against them at the first sign of realism vis-à-vis Israel, they would indeed need courage to lead their troops from in front.

King Hussein, too, has failed to show such courage. So far he has not dared to risk his throne, and quite likely his neck, to save his nation from the disaster that has befallen it. But perhaps it would be unfair to blame him for this. He may well have been persuaded by threats or by promises that his people could only gain by joining in the fray. In any event, he could hardly have stood aside. Not so much because of the risk to his throne and his person, but because his own self-respect was at stake. How could he, a descendant of the Hashemite king who had led the Arab family in its revolt against the Turkish ruler, leave this family in the lurch in its hour of trial?

Unfortunately, there are few indications that his people have learned enough from the ensuing disaster to encourage him to try to save what is left to be saved of its badly damaged inheritance. Tell these people that the fourth round they look forward to, at an absurdly early date, could only mean still more ignominious defeat, and they will answer that it isn't hardware that counts but morale. As if the Arabs, including the Jordanians (who lost not six thousand men out of thirty thousand as they officially announced but barely five hundred), had not shown themselves far inferior to the Israelis in this respect, too. Point out to them that if they want to destroy Israel they must take on the United States as well, and they invoke the success of the Vietcong. Remind them that the Arab terrain does not favor guerrilla-type operations and they will say: "Never mind, for now that the Jews have taken Jerusalem the whole Muslim world will come to our aid and a lot of Christian nations too. It is their lives or ours; either the Jews or the Arabs must disappear from the map." Ask them why they think the United States would allow an expansion of Israel from the Nile to the Euphrates, which would hardly seem to be in the American interest, and the answer is: "Because it is well known that America is run by the Jews."

Needless to say, there are a few Arabs who have at least one foot on the hard ground of reality. But as one of them, a minister in the Amman government, frankly admitted to me, they could hardly afford to try to open their people's eyes. "Nasser," someone has truly said, "has only been able to maintain himself for so long because he never allowed his common sense to appear in public." It is this that makes the prospect of a settlement with Israel so dim.

Most of the Arab states could no doubt manage without a settlement. But can tiny Jordan? There are many Jordanians who wonder. Even when it still held the West Bank and boasted of an economic growth rate of nine per cent, the country required U.S. support to cover twenty per cent of its current budgetary expenditure.

What the loss of the West Bank means appears from the following figures. The population of Jordan is reduced from 2.1 million to 1.12 million exclusive of the refugees from the West Bank, who at least in the short run are anything but an economic asset. The total cultivated area has been cut by one quarter, but this quarter was responsible for thirty-seven per cent of the total agricultural production and thirty-eight per cent of the total national product. Forty-eight per cent of the industrial establishments were in the West Bank, and fifty-three per cent of trading activity was concentrated there. Finally, forty per cent of Jordan's foreign-exchange earnings, contributed by tourism and remittances of Palestinians working abroad, has been forfeited by the loss of the West Bank.

The effects of all this on the national treasury are not difficult to imagine. Even if the United States, which has temporarily suspended all economic and military aid, comes to the rescue again, the prospects, so the Minister of National Economy told me, remain precarious.

All the more so because Jordan now must cope with some two hundred thousand penniless refugees. It is true than an estimated 150,000 have found shelter with friends and relations. Moreover, the fifty thousand who have been housed in tents do not all have to be provided for by the Jordanian government. Iran and West Germany have taken responsibility for one camp each, the United Nations Relief and Works Agency looks after another four, and some of the richer Arab states have clubbed together to produce £15 million in aid. Even so, the refugees remain a terrible problem for the country, socially as well as economically. Two hundred thousand embittered, unemployed, and penniless people, one-sixth of Jordan's present population, cannot but be a canker in the body politic.

Hence the authorities' desperate efforts to get rid of those who have

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fled to them for safety by sending them back to those from whom they fled. By the end of August, again according to the Minister of National Economy, all will and must have returned. And those, I asked, who don't want to go back—of whom I had met quite a few—will they be compelled to go? No, he said, they will be persuaded.

What is one to think? Is it only for their own good that these unfortunates will be "persuaded" to return? Or does a political calculation enter into it as well: the hope that the more Arabs Israel has to swallow, the sooner it will begin to suffer from indigestion? The Israelis, while declaring their willingness to take them back, also might have been playing politics with the refugees. Their initial insistence that those wishing to return should fill in forms headed "State of Israel, Ministry of the Interior" or, since the Jordan government objected to this, that Jordanian officials sit down with them to discuss the matter, could well be seen as an attempt to exploit Jordan's plight to extract a form of recognition or to force the Jordanians to the conference table. In this mutually distrustful atmosphere, negotiations on how to effect the return stretched out for six weeks before an agreement was reached. Even then, observers in Amman considered it highly unlikely that Jordan would succeed in getting rid of the refugee problem in the near future.

Hussein's Blood Brothers

Even if King Hussein somehow solved the refugee problem, the future would still look bleak for his country and his throne. Admittedly he enjoys considerable popularity with his people now that he has shown himself a "good Arab" by joining in the fight against Israel. Like Nasser, he profits from the Arabs' tendency to cheer their leaders all the louder the greater the mess they make of things (which the Tunisian magazine *Jeune Afrique* has characterized as a symptom of "political underdevelopment"). But that does not mean he is free of his enemies, whether inside the country, where a number of officers are known to be disaffected, or outside its borders.

The most virulent among them, Ahmed Shukairy, head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, who used to proclaim that Amman had to be "liberated" before Palestine could be regained, is no longer the most dangerous. Probably his feelings toward the King are much the same as before their official reconciliation at the time of Hussein's visit to Cairo. One has seen too many of these Arab kiss-and-make-up scenes to have any great doubts on that score. Nevertheless, Shukairy's potential for mischief is far less than before the war. For one thing, he has lost his main power base, in the Gaza Strip. For another, the great majority of the Palestinians to whom he appealed to overthrow or murder the King are now under Israeli rule in the West Bank. Finally, his conduct before and during the war, especially his brutal prediction that few if any Jews would survive the Arab onslaught, has not helped to endear him to his colleagues in the Arab League, many of whom were not impressed with his statesmanship all along. In fact, the Tunisians are reported to have raised strong objections to his presence at the Khartoum meeting of the Arab Foreign Ministers.

But there are other and more powerful elements in the Arab world, notably in Damascus and Algiers, who have never even gone through the motions of an official reconciliation with Hussein. As a king, a conservative, an enemy of the "Arab Revolution," an ardent hater of Communism, and a client of the West whose arms and subsidies he took and still hopes to take, Hussein remains very much the outsider as far as these elements are concerned. They are not likely to be impressed by his reported intention to visit Moscow. They know that militarily as well as economically he finds himself in a desperately weak position, that he has exactly one fighter plane left, that the Americans have not so far decided to re-equip his army, and that he is reluctant to take up the offer Moscow is reported to have made to him. Furthermore, the presence in Jordan of some twelve to fifteen thousand Iraqi troops, now mostly concentrated in the area around Maraq near the Iraqi border, raises doubt whether he can be considered fully master in his own house.

WHAT can Hussein do to protect his throne and his country against these dangers? Should he try to get the West Bank back, not only because of the prestige this would give him but also because without it Jordan will be faced with wellnigh insoluble socio-economic problems once its foreign-exchange reserves of some $200 million run out? But how to get it back? The minimum price he would have to offer, renunciation of his claim to half of Jerusalem, seems prohibitively high in most Arab eyes. And it would be even higher if Israel were to insist on recognition and on retaining the strategically valuable high ground east of its old frontier. Hussein would be a brave man indeed if he were to show himself willing to negotiate on such terms, unless Nasser, for his own purposes, were to sanction such a step as part of a general move toward greater political realism.

Short of such a dramatic development, it is difficult to see what Hussein can do to get back the lost half of his country. And if it becomes clear that there is indeed nothing he can do except to join in the general Arab mouthings about a fourth round, then his subjects, who are still eagerly waiting to hear what has come of all his peregrinations and deliberations of the last few weeks, are in for a bitter disappointment. Which is another reason why it is legitimate to wonder whether Hussein will still sit on his throne six months or a year from now and even whether the independent state of Jordan will still be on the map.

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GLOSSARY

Entangling Nonalignments

More than a billion people live in a place that is called the Third World, and for two decades the rest of us have been trying to find a single word to describe them. So far most of the choices have been little more than assertions of what these people are not —as in "anti-colonial," "underdeveloped," "uncommitted," "nonwhite." Broad as such categories are, however, none has proved quite equal to the job, with the result that the cartographers of this obscure terrain are always having to make allowances for Japan—say—or explain the presence of Cyprus, or subtract the whole of South America, or tell us what it is again that brought Marshal Tito into the picture at all.

Lately the trend has been toward a political definition of these seventy or so countries, as distinct from an historical, racial, or economic one. Thus their inhabitants and their leaders on four continents are now known to us simply as "the nonaligned."

The principle drawback of the formulation proceeds from the fact that our view of what nonalignment requires of the nonaligned has never been shared by those we persist in regarding as nonaligned—that is to say, by the nonaligned themselves. This lamentable situation may account for the periodic outbursts of disenchantment from which our press and public figures seem to emerge sadder but not wiser every time, and also for the fact that the word now takes three progressively discredited forms on the printed page. There is plain "nonaligned," quoted " 'nonaligned' ", and—for use in intellectual emergencies—"so-called [quoted] 'nonaligned'." Along with much of the rest of the press, for instance, the New York *Times* put the word under strict surveillance for the duration of recent hostilities in the Middle East, departing so far from custom on one occasion as to speak of "Moscow and its 'nonaligned' agents in the Assembly."

What brings on these fits of typographical revenge? What do we mean by "nonaligned" that the nonaligned don't mean? Evidently the trouble stems from the recurrent shattering of two illusions: that the nonaligned (by definition) will not behave squalidly in relation to one another, or cravenly in relation to the conflict between us and the Soviet Union. Somehow we have mixed up the idea of nonalignment with that of fairness and/or objectivity, and have gone on from there to think in terms of moral rectitude and imperviousness to political motivation. Why this should be so is far from clear when you consider that over half the nations represented at the Belgrade conference of the nonaligned in 1961 have, since then, been engaged in a series of civil wars, oustings, clobberings, coups, and wars against each other.

Our disappointment at the way the nonaligned have played their larger role in world affairs is something else again, since it is doubtful that from the beginning many people ever grasped the dictates of neutralism and nonalignment as they were set forth by Prime Minister Nehru and other practitioners of the art. Here, our usage has been colored by the classic concept of "neutrality" with which neutralism has little in common beyond its first two syllables. Far from implying a withdrawal from the contest or a reservation of judgment on it, neutralism is premised on a kind of verbal interventionism, or nosey parker nonalignment: by reason of their lack of commitment to either side, the neutralists were to assume the roles of judges and referees. The hitch, which is so fundamental and conspicuous that nobody seems to have noticed it, proceeds from the second imperative of neutralism: no matter how long the judges deliberate, their verdict is preordained, since the one thing the uncommitted are committed to is remaining uncommitted. Thus, the nonaligned let it be known that although they must be wooed, they could not be won, and no end of their suitors in this country appear to have misheard the second part. True, some have lowered their expectations, demanding only that there be an equitable distribution of abuse and that the Russians be denounced as often as we are —but in this they seem destined for disappointment too.

With all the semantic confusion and subsequent heartbreak, the relevant questions have scarcely been raised concerning the word "nonalignment." For example, is it possible to be nonaligned with a country that is aligned with you? At one point during the Arab-Israeli war, a press service story referred to the Soviet Union's "nonaligned bloc of . . . Arab clients." In other words, the problem continues to be formulated backwards, since what is clearly important to the order and disorder of the world is great power alignments in nonaligned affairs, and not the other way around. Probably when the term goes on to its reward, however, along with "anti colonial," "underdeveloped," and the rest, it will not be for any such obvious reason. More likely "nonaligned" will be done in by an overdose of editorial exasperation. Then the search will be on for another word to cover all those people in all those places with all their different interests and aims. Maybe there isn't one.

—Meg Greenfield

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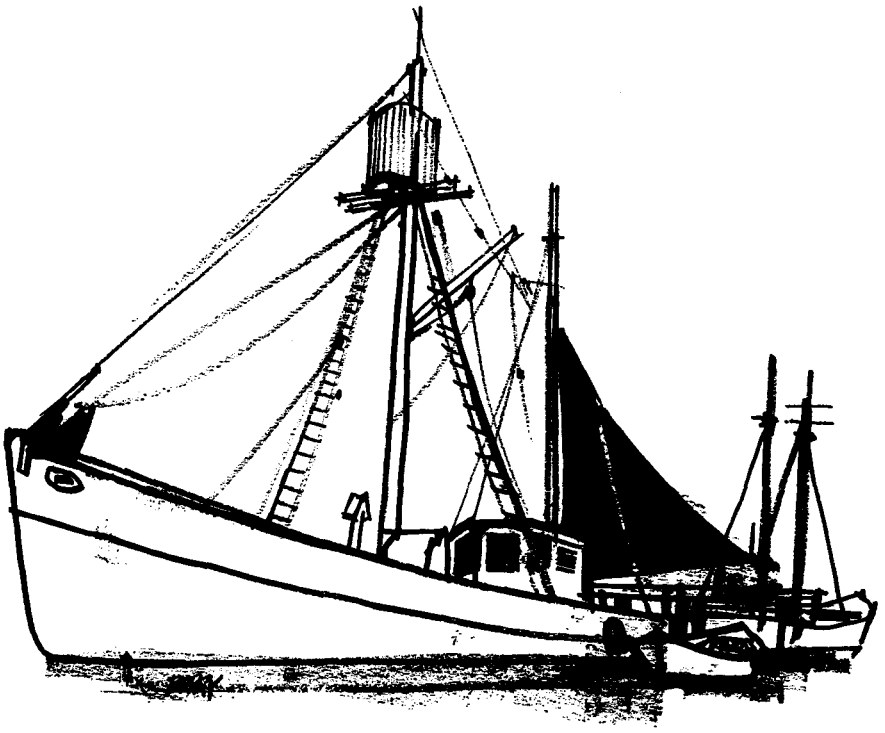

Our Catch-as-Catch-Can Fisheries

THOMAS H. LINEAWEAVER III

In March, 1965, Boston longshoremen refused to unload a shipment of foreign-caught fish. Not that there was anything improper about the shipment. A processing firm in Maine had been unable to find a particular fish on the domestic market, so it bought abroad. That was proper. But, considering the circumstances, it was also less than politic. For there hangs in the State House in Boston, opposite the Speaker's desk, a gilded codfish—"a memorial," according to the motion to hang it in March, 1784, "of the importance of the Cod-Fishery to the welfare of this Commonwealth." The fish in dispute were cod.

Moreover, the cod were not simply foreign-caught. They were caught by Russians in—according to local suspicion—waters regarded by Yankee fishermen as traditionally their own. Since 1960 a Soviet fleet that often numbers upwards of two hundred of the world's most modern and efficient vessels has been fishing south and east of Nantucket, a few miles off the New England coast. Trawlers two hundred feet long catch the fish, factory ships four hundred feet long convert the catch to finished products, and some ships serve both functions. Carrier vessels take the finished products to port and bring back supplies. Service vessels, and frequently research ships, are attached to the operation. Similar fleets from the Soviet Union and Japan fish off the Pacific Coast.

The United States has nothing to match these fleets, and the Boston dispute, which inevitably became known as the Boston Cod Party, reflected the ailing condition of the domestic marine fishery. It is the nation's oldest industry and was once its most prosperous, but today, except for regional bright spots, it is in serious difficulty.

Decline and Deterioration

In 1948, U.S. fishermen caught about five billion pounds of fish, eighty per cent of our domestic use. Now, while domestic use has doubled, they catch less than forty per cent of it and the country has become the world's foremost importer of fish and fish products—$720 million worth annually.

During the mid-1950's the United States slipped from second to fifth among fishing nations—behind the Soviet Union, Communist China, Japan, and Peru. These other countries raised their catches between 1954 and 1964 (Japan by 40 per cent, the Soviet Union by nearly 100 per cent, China by 150, and Peru by an astonishing 4,598 because of the exploitation of newly discovered anchovy stocks), but the United States catch fell off. In 1966 the United States fell into sixth place behind Norway.

This country's commercial fishing fleet also deteriorated. A survey done last year by a magazine in the field showed that of the fleet's fourteen thousand documented vessels (five net tons and over), some 450 were at least fifty years old; the average age was twenty. In length they averaged under seventy feet. They were generally ill-equipped: ninety-two per cent didn't have refrigeration, seventy-seven per cent didn't have direction finders, sixty-two per cent didn't have electrical plants, and forty-eight per cent didn't have radiotelephones. Three thousand of them were powered by engines from thirteen to twenty years old, and sixteen per cent of the engines had not been overhauled in the past eight years. In 1965, to take a particularly disheartening example, 225 of New England's seven hundred-odd fishing vessels called for Coast Guard assistance and many had to be towed upwards of one hundred miles home; the most common problem was engine breakdown, but a leaky hull was not uncommon. Sixteen vessels sank and eleven fishermen were lost.

The industry's plight has various and even bizarre origins. To begin with, a law signed on New Year's Eve, 1792, by George Washington made it illegal for foreign-built fishing vessels to land their catch in a U.S. port. It is still on the books. Its intent was to protect small domestic shipyards, and for years it had no impact on fishermen. Now, however, when the cost of building a fishing vessel in the United States is fifty-five to sixty-five per cent greater than in, say, West Germany, the Netherlands, or Japan, few U.S. fish-

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ermen can afford new vessels that would be competitive with their foreign counterparts.

Although United States postwar policies have been vital to the health of international trade, they have hurt the American fisherman. Tariff barriers of long standing have been lowered or discarded. Foreign aid has been greatly helpful to the development of foreign fisheries, many of which soon began to compete successfully in the United States market. At the same time, a number of allied nations—and such unallied ones as Russia, East Germany, and Poland—have been investing in modern fishing fleets to provide food and, through export, foreign exchange.

As a result, the U.S. fisherman's share of the domestic market continues to shrink. Exports amount to only $85 million—twelve per cent of the import total—and the gap will probably grow larger.

IT HAS BEEN SAID, with a degree of justice, that the U.S. fisherman is conservative; that he is reluctant to try anything new; that because he doesn't always deliver raw material in the form the processor wants it, the processor is forced to buy elsewhere. There is, however, another side to this. The fisherman has for some time been in a high-risk, low-profit situation. Gambling on new gear or a new method of operation could be ruinous. And there are other discouragements.

The states manage their own fishery resources, usually by limiting or outlawing efficiency on the theory that this is the best way to conserve resources. Massachusetts fishermen can't use a seine to catch striped bass. Many Chesapeake oyster dredgers must use sailboats. Alaska seine boats in the salmon fishery are limited to a maximum of fifty-eight feet in length and in an effort to compensate for this restriction, they are constructed with such wide beams that they are inefficient whether fishing for salmon or any other species.

The nation's 128,000 commercial fishermen are by and large broken up into regional or fishery groups whose interests often diverge. There is no effective national fishermen's association. This situation usually precludes any concerted efforts to change the laws. New England ground fishermen, for instance, favored Congressional action in 1966 to extend the territorial fishing limit from three miles off the U.S. coast to twelve. They fish close to the coast and fear foreign encroachment. Gulf of Mexico shrimp fishermen and California tuna fishermen opposed extension. They frequently fish foreign waters and feel vulnerable to retaliation by other governments.

The nation's eating habits are often cited as contributing to the fishermen's unhappy predicament. The yearly use of fish in the United States averages sixty-three pounds per person, almost twice the world average, but most of the poundage is used as fish meal to supplement the diet of livestock and pets. The per capita use of fish for the table is a relatively modest ten and a half pounds as against one hundred and four pounds of beef, fifty-eight pounds of pork, and thirty-six pounds of chicken. To fishery analysts the breakdown is irrelevant. They emphasize that while the domestic catch is static at about five billion pounds, domestic use is twelve billion pounds and growing at a faster rate than the population. Moreover, they estimate that available fishery resources could sustain an annual catch five times the present harvest. The U.S. fisherman, in brief, lacks neither the market nor the fish, and if he could become competitive it would make small difference to him whether he caught fish for meal or for food.

Research and Development

One step toward competitiveness would be the building of efficient vessels. In 1964 Congress expanded and strengthened an earlier attempt to alleviate the situation that stems from the law Washington signed in 1792 as well as the fishery trends since the Second World War. It authorized $10 million a year for five years for a subsidy of up to fifty per cent to cover the difference between vessel construction costs in U.S. and foreign shipyards. The program has been slow in getting under way; from December, 1964, through June, 1967, only fifty-five subsidy applications were approved and only twenty-two contracts were let. The fact is, relatively few fishermen are able to take advantage of a law that requires the subsidized vessel to be of advanced design, able to operate in expanded areas, and equipped with the most modern gear available. Such a vessel of about one hundred feet in length may cost up to $500,000. In addition to the subsidy program, the government also provides funds to insure vessel mortgages and something in the neighborhood of $3 million a year in loan funds at six per cent interest to build or remodel vessels. Therefore, the government makes available only the modest sum of about $15 million a year for upgrading the fleet.

Efficiency, of course, depends not only on a modernized fleet but also on adequate research. But the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries (BCF), which conducts government research into the marine fishery, is not treated with generosity. Its budget for fiscal 1968 is about $49 million—a modest rise from that of 1967, but a sum that still leaves some research facilities understaffed and some research projects underfinanced. For instance, BCF currently has only seventeen research vessels over seventy feet in length plus one under construction. A research vessel in the 150-foot range, which is not large for an ocean-going ship, costs about $2 million. But the bureau has no funds allocated to new-vessel construction for this fiscal year.

YET the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries does well by the fisherman. Its efforts in such areas as the prediction of groundfish abundance and the development of new uses and better processing methods are good examples.

In the past, the fisherman sometimes geared his vessel to catch a usually abundant species of groundfish and then found that the species wasn't abundant enough to be profitable. This meant that he might have to lay up, for a change-over in gear to fish another species was often too costly. Today he is forewarned. BCF biologists have learned that the abundance and thus the catch of certain species can be predicted by a year or more by having port agents monitor daily landings and by making month-long cruises to sample the young of the year at perhaps two hundred locations on the fishing grounds.

The BCF also administers a pro-

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gram enacted by Congress in 1964, whereby the Federal government will meet up to seventy-five per cent of the cost of a state research project. During the last two fiscal years, $8.2 million was appropriated for aid to such projects as pink-salmon forecast research in Alaska, oyster-raft production in Alabama, and gear research and testing of improved commercial fishing boats in Puerto Rico.

The bureau is attempting to develop processing methods that will be less costly than present ones, yet give fish a longer and more appealing life in the food store. Irradiation and freeze-drying are two new methods about which there is optimism, and if they broaden the market for food fish the U.S. fisherman stands to gain.

A marine (or fish) protein concentrate developed by the BCF and by the VioBin Corporation could broaden the fisherman's market. Manufactured from the whole fish—head, tail, teeth, innards, and all—the concentrate is an almost tasteless and odorless flour that is very nutritious and, at 20 cents a pound, cheap to produce. A ton of fish can be converted to 320 pounds of concentrate, enough to bolster the diets of thirty undernourished persons for a year at a cost of two dollars each. Since 1.5 billion persons throughout the world suffer from protein malnutrition and population is outstripping agricultural capacity, the concentrate's proponents believe that it will become a major domestic and export commodity, opening the way for U.S. fishermen to exploit billions of pounds of presently unutilized fish stocks on the Continental Shelf. Although the U.S. Food and Drug Administration had withheld approval of the concentrate's sale for six years on the ground that consumers would consider anything made from whole fish to be filthy, the agency has finally acquiesced and Congress has voted funds for construction of a pilot plant and the leasing of another.

Surveys and Soundings

For all the BCF's good works, its communication with the fishermen is imperfect. It passes along research findings and other pertinent fishery information in its publications and in scientific journals, but it has no formal extension service—a serious gap, considering what the Department of Agriculture's extension service and county-agent system have meant to the farmer in terms of technological education and assistance.

Indeed, the fisherman has poor communications not only with the BCF but also with the twenty-odd government agencies involved in oceanography. Ocean currents, weather, bottom topography, chemistry, and other factors affect the behavior and productivity of fish, yet there is no effective mechanism for relaying information on these topics to the fisherman. A remedy may be in the offing, for Congress and the White House independently took first measures in June, 1966, to centralize the government's ocean research and to co-ordinate it with research being carried out by states, industries, universities, and unaffiliated marine laboratories. Congress created a cabinet-level National Council on

Marine Resources and Engineering Development headed by Vice President Humphrey and a Commission on Marine Science, Resources and Engineering Development, which is to issue a report next year. The Panel on Oceanography of the President's Science Advisory Committee, in a study entitled *Effective Use of the Sea,* recommended that something be done forthwith about the commercial fishery. "Clearly," it reported, "the United States lags behind other nations in the technology of fishing and aquiculture. Future food problems of the world require that we develop these technologies and assist other nations to develop them. The Panel assigns very high priority to this task."

Two additional cheering notes were struck in 1966. The University of Rhode Island, where marine research is excellent and growing, announced a two-year academic program designed to graduate well-informed fishermen, the first such university program in this country. And Congress, mindful of the land-grant colleges' influence on agricultural development, passed the National Sea Grant College and Program Act providing grants to further the development of marine resources.

IT CAN BE fairly said that U.S. fishermen finally are being noticed and that they have a future. The states probably will eliminate or modify some of the obstacles to efficient fishing. New processing methods undoubtedly will prove more economical than old ones and the market for food fish will expand. Marine protein concentrate also will provide new opportunities for expansion.

The vessel-subsidy program is now starting to contribute substantially to the enlargement and upgrading of the fishing fleet, but the bald fact remains that most of the fleet needs modernizing and the fisherman must have more Congressional help. To reduce the uncertainty and delay inherent in the present system, it has been urged that the subsidy be made a fixed percentage of the construction cost and that the present procedures be simplified. It has also been suggested that tax incentives for vessel construction or improvement could be a spur to progress, as could a plan similar to one operating in Canada that offers a fixed subsidy and an interest-free loan on the balance.

In the short term, however, the fishermen remain in economic jeopardy. Unless something can be done soon, many may be forced to seek other work. A persuasive case can be made for measures to help the fishermen. Their annual catch is worth $450 million at dockside, but to the processor it is worth $1 billion. They have $500 million tied up in vessels that keep shipyards and gear manufacturers busy. The industry and closely allied shore activities provide half a million jobs. U.S. fishermen, whatever their present woes, would appear to be a national asset.

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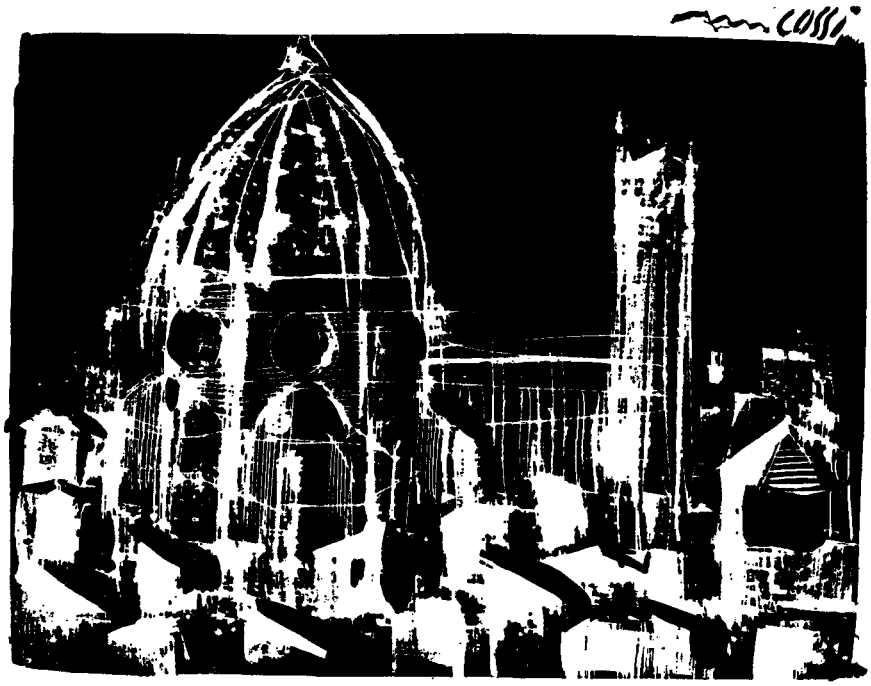

Descent from the Hill

ALDO ROSSELLI

Coming back to Florence after a number of years abroad, G.F. checked in at one of the large hotels on the Lungarno. Since his relatives no longer meant anything to him, he had decided against calling on them; besides, he intended to stay just long enough to sell the old house that had belonged to his parents, and he planned to spend what free time he had in taking long walks in the countryside he had once loved so much.

Sitting over his breakfast in the big, bright hotel dining room, he picked up the newspaper the waiter had brought with the butter and jam. It depressed him slightly to realize how little he cared about local events. A new mayor, it seemed, had just been installed in the Palazzo Vecchio, and *Wozzeck* was finally being put on at the Opera. Always conservative, these Florentines! He smiled at the thought.

Suddenly, at the bottom of one of the inside pages, a notice of Professor Magone's death caught his eye. For a moment he wished he hadn't seen it. Then he realized that the knowledge imposed no obligation on him. After all, he had not seen the professor since he was a child. Furthermore, no one knew he was in town so there was no need to go to the funeral.

He got up and went out into the street. The early morning air was cool and bracing, but once more he was overpowered by the indefinable anger that had led him to leave Florence so many years ago. He'd hoped it might somehow be appeased in unfamiliar surroundings, and to a great extent it had been.

Yet now, looking over the jagged rooftops at the clear-cut outline of the surrounding hills, he had the same bitter taste in his mouth as when he had trembled with rage against all those grownups. They had patted him on the head, had talked down to him in their ridiculous infantile jargon, unaware that even at six he could understand a good deal more than they thought.

He understood, for instance, that when his father spoke to him it was as man to man, without condescension. When they went walking together, he would never slow his pace for fear that the boy might get tired. He never asked silly questions, like what do you want to be when you grow up. They would walk, the two of them, straight as soldiers, and he could be sure that his father would never reach down to stroke his head, would never scoop him up and carry him home. With his father he could maintain his dignity and didn't have to pretend a childishness he had long outgrown. That was the kind of thing his mother demanded, and it always brought out false smiles and artificial tones of voice in her and his aunts.

If they asked him, he said no, of course he had never really known his father, he had been too young when his father died to remember him. Then they would pat his cheek. As if he were a little girl! In a way, he was glad to give them the answer they wanted. It was easier, and then they would leave him alone.

They were stupid enough to think that he had allowed his father to melt away among the groups of relatives framed in silver in his mother's room, all lined up by the photographer for some important occasion, perhaps a wedding, the old-maid aunts in the second row with thin lips opened in frozen smiles of disbelief that they ever could have been young.

When he was alone in the house he would steal into his mother's room and, standing before that gallery of silver frames, would penetrate the photograph and take his rightful place beside his father. Together they would shake off the usurping relatives and start off on one of their usual long masculine walks, exchanging only a few gruff monosyllables as they went. Most often, it was summer. Their shoes crunched the dry earth of the vegetable garden as they went down toward the river under the blazing midday sun. Soon they would come to the shade of the plane trees along the water. Sometimes one of the

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farmers' sons, stark naked, would be diving into the dark pool from the embankment, but this did not tempt them. The most they allowed themselves was a momentary slackening of pace while they were still on the path that led among the cypresses on the ridge. Then they resumed their regular rhythm and climbed the hill beyond. Even by pushing hard, they would not reach the chestnut grove before the sun had begun to sink and a mountain breeze had frozen the sweat on their backs.

Then and only then would they sit down on the sparse grass and contemplate the long valley below, pointing out the yellow dot which was the villa they had left behind them. Down there, people made a fuss about children's eating their soup and sitting up straight at table. Up here, the two of them sat motionless and stared, waiting for their breathing to return to normal. Every now and then they picked up a stone and threw it at the higher branches to see if a chestnut would fall. They both knew without putting it into words that they would like to stay forever rather than go slowly back to the house in the valley, to pick their way among the geometrically arranged beds of carefully tended roses and dahlias. Back to the world of grownups and women, whose main occupation seemed to be saying no.

ONE of the most wonderful moments was always near nightfall, when they were almost home and his father took him by the hand—not because he was a child, but because both of them sought consolation for the fact that soon they must scrape their shoes and enter the drawing room filled with a buzz of superfluous words and orders and prohibitions.

Sometimes he was tempted, as he stood there in his mother's room, to prolong the excursion, to spend the night on the hilltop, to sleep under the stars, rolled up in a rough blanket without benefit of sticky good-night kisses and sheets starched stiff as prison walls. But this was impossible. If his mother came back from her tea party and found him in front of the photographs, there would be a scene. No, he must be home before dark.

The worst thing was when she thought she had to talk about his father. He must never forget him, she said. In fact, he ought to be as proud of him as a child lucky enough to have his father alive. He did his best not to listen as she told him in her sugary voice that his father was like any other father, that he would have scolded him for not eating his soup, but would have taken him on his lap and told him stories if he had been a good boy. He didn't want to hear those lies. It was obvious that she was making the whole thing up. She didn't realize that his father always had to pretend with her in order to have some peace and quiet. Perhaps he had died because he couldn't go on pretending and had preferred to slip away forever.

At times like these he hated this stout woman in her widow's weeds with their sickly-sweet odor, who talked so much and said so little, and who had in the long run driven his father away. He had had to resort to his own wits to find him, and if he had not been clever, he and his father would never have gone walking. If he had been content to pedal about in his miniature red car—a tin and plastic contraption that only an idiot could take for the real thing—his father, looking out from the photograph, would have thought that he was satisfied with fakes. Then they could never have gone anywhere together, certainly not on those long uphill walks under the blazing sun.

Sometimes, he would do something on purpose to displease his mother—perhaps leave his spinach on his plate. The punishment for this was to be packed off to bed without dessert or a good-night kiss. As if he cared! Now he could pretend that he was sleeping on the hilltop. If he felt hungry, he told himself that this was part of roughing it, and to complete the illusion, he pulled down the sheet and nuzzled into the coarse blanket. His father was sleeping beside him, and they would wake at dawn refreshed and strong.

HE PAID little attention to his mother's friends, to the men who brought her flowers and spoke in deep voices. They made her laugh and they kindled the color in her faded cheeks. But this bright pink was no healthier than her usual pallor. With it went a new set of white lies and a new jerky and unnatural way of moving. She who was usually so careful of possessions and so angry when he broke something, would gesticulate so wildly that at any moment she might knock over a vase. And her awkwardness only deepened her flush and increased her shrillness.

The callers paid little attention to him, at least on their first visit. They would content themselves with giving him a playful spank and saying that he was the image of his mother. If one of them took to coming regularly, however, he knew that he would eventually become the object of less casual interest. A parcel would be thrust into his hands, and as he tore open

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the elaborate gift wrapping, he would be expected to show first surprise and then joyful gratitude for some tinselly plaything. Later on, inevitably, the man would seek him out and, after a self-conscious clearing of the throat, would ask him how he would like to have a new father. He would add hastily that no one wanted him to forget his real father, but that his mother was terribly alone, and that with time they would get to know each other. His mother would stare at him from her armchair as if trying to extract an answer. He knew perfectly well what she wanted him to say, but he would remain obstinately silent, and then, leaving the toy untouched, run out of the room.

He knew, of course, that if he said what was wanted of him, his mother wouldn't have to shut herself up in her room for the next few days. He was sorry for this, and would have liked to be able to cheer her up. Besides, when this happened he couldn't get into the room to walk with his father. He would think of his mother, face to face with all those silver frames, lying joylessly on her bed with her eyes closed, her face paler and more drooping than ever, turned in on herself. The pall of silence that hung over her room was so heavy that he quickened his steps when he passed, as if the door might suddenly open and unknown hands reach out and pull him down into a deep, dark ditch smelling of damp earth.

At such times, he felt a sad, remote love for his mother. He would have liked to shout out that next time he would give the right answer. He was willing to accept anything, even a new father, so long as he didn't insist on walking with him to the chestnut grove. But that was doubtless the first thing the new father would do; or in view of the distance he might even forbid him to go there at all unless he let himself be carried part of the way. And so, instead of knocking at his mother's door, he would slip into the kitchen and bite into a hunk of bread and cheese.

AFTER SOME TIME a new man appeared in the parlor, an older balding man who kept his large strong hands quietly folded in his lap. He rejoiced that his mother's room would be freed of her mournful presence and once more accessible to him. From time to time, the newcomer quizzed him about some fact of geography—his mother must have revealed that this was his passion. Little by little, he began to answer, once going so far as to supply the name of the capital of British Guiana, which the man had forgotten. A sort of mutual respect —based on hard facts which could be checked in the big atlas that had

been his father's—grew up between them. He became accustomed to the deep warm voice, free of condescension. He sensed for the first time that age could be something serious, something acquired through travels in places so small as not to be on any map and through acknowledging things as they are.

One evening, when for some time he had been standing in front of a photograph of his father and they had nearly reached the shade of the chestnut trees, he was neither surprised nor frightened to realize that he was not alone. Turning around, he saw that the older man was in the room. He was not tempted to tell a lie and say he was merely looking for something in his mother's drawers. Pointing at the photograph, he told the man openly what point of their walk he and his father had reached. The man asked how many hours it had taken to reach the chestnut grove, how many feet was it above the valley, whether it was a road or a path that led to the summit, and he weighed the answers gravely, as if these too were facts that could be indexed in an atlas. He said that it must be a good walk, that he would be grateful if he could take it with them some time. Would they allow him to come along? Just on a trial basis at first, to make sure that he would not be a hindrance to them.

Then for the first time since he had known him, the man laid his hand gently on the boy's blond head. He let it rest there for a few seconds, as if all the doubts and sadness and responsibilities in the world were concentrated in his fingers, as if their touch conveyed a mute inheritance.

THE BOY thought of his mother and how she never would have understood. She wouldn't even have wanted to know, would have laughed nervously and wept and inflicted some punishment on him. Because it was all wrong to stand there dreamily imagining things that could not be (she would have said). He ought to romp and play and be happy. But he knew that the man would not discuss this with his mother; to her he spoke only of those things that could be put into words.

Yes, he said. He could come on the walk. He didn't say it very loud, because there was a frog in his throat. He felt unexpected tears welling up inside him. (He hadn't cried for a very long time, except angrily or mechanically, when his mother punished him, or when he fell down and scraped his knee.) In that moment he returned to being a child, to accepting the fact that he was six years old. But there was a dignity in this return, because it was the only truly manly thing to do. Suddenly, he felt yielding and relaxed. Without words, the man was somehow conveying to him the inevitability of the betrayal. Never again could he keep the late afternoon appointment in the chestnut grove. He was, as he had always feared, not strong enough for so long a walk. And his father, who came alive only when they set out together under the midday sun, would have to wait forever. Forever

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he would be pinned down in front of the villa amid the smiling aunts, unable to escape them. His figure, which had seemed to stand out so strongly, was now faded and yellow, melted into the deafening silence of the room.

He realized for the first time that the house was old and dilapidated, with cracks and splotches of dampness on its walls, that the fountain in the courtyard had run almost dry, its tiny trickle of water disappearing into the porous stone as if into a gaping parched mouth. All that was left was the coolness of the long corridors shielded by closed shutters, which overwhelmed him as he passed from room to room with the memory of a time of innocence and of protection. He realized that his mother had aged, that the powder on her face only called attention to the wrinkles beneath, that her eyes were often red even when she didn't shut herself up in her room.

Evenings dragged on interminably, and his mother fidgeted until such time as she could without undignified haste bring out a pack of worn playing cards. He too sat in on the game. He was old enough to play as long as it wasn't too complicated, and Professor Magone had given up speaking of faraway dots and purple patches on the map.

The game bored him, but he played because it was better than the long silences that had descended upon the house ever since he had allowed the professor to join the walk to the chestnut grove. After that first walk, they had never gone again, and now there was nothing to do but play cards to hide the fact that somewhere, in some room, they had lost the reason for being together. Besides, it was only a question of time until the professor would not come to the house any more; until his mother would be left alone, face to face with the silver-framed photographs, fearful that if she were ever invited to join the walk she would find the narrow ditch which an invisible hand was digging for her in the damp ground under the chestnut tree at the top of the hill.

And so they went on playing cards, evening after evening, in the last years before the end of his childhood. Neither he nor his mother said a word when Professor Magone gradually stopped coming, because both of them knew that after him there would be no more men.

He began to care more about his mother, but his school work was demanding and he didn't actually see much of her. If she stayed shut up for long hours in her room, he accepted her explanation that she had a splitting headache.

When G.F. came back to the hotel, he went straight to the desk and told the clerk that he would catch the first good train in the early afternoon. Before the day was over, he would report to his office in Milan and find out where he was to be sent on his next assignment. All there was left for him to do in Florence was to telephone the family lawyer and tell him to go ahead with the sale of the house and send the proceeds to his new address.

Fruitless Fable

Mr. Chiddicott, being a bachelor,
Purchased from a reputable department store
(Barkers') a morning-tea machine
At the price of fifteen pounds fifteen,
Easy to work, all plugged and wired.
Each night he set the time required
And every morning when he heard
The bell, he found his tea prepared.
But being by profession something mechanic
Mr. Chiddicott began to perfect it,
So that before long when it woke him up
It actually handed him the cup.

Years pass. Mr. Chiddicott grows
Successful as an English rose,
Mellow, unmated and serene,
Served by the morning-tea machine.
Alas, the transience of bliss—
There came a sudden end to his.

One morning when he heard the bell,
The tea machine said, "What the hell,
I've stood this racket long and dumb.
Mr. Chiddicott, the time has come
For you to make the tea instead.
Nip out and let me into bed."
And when our friend demurred, alack,
The tea machine gave him a dreadful crack.
Mr. Chiddicott murmured as he curled
Up, "It is the end of the world."
But it wasn't, for Mr. Chiddicott came
To, and finally admitted blame,
And every morning now he can be seen
Serving tea to his perfected tea machine.

—Muriel Spark

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The Stuff of Legend

ROLAND GELATT

Among the legion of accomplished musicians are a happy few who have been able to create an indelible interpretive style of their own. They are the prime movers, the re-creative fountainheads, the originals to whom we constantly make reference when attempting to place and fix a new talent. Thus, harpsichordists the world over labor in the imposing shadow cast by Wanda Landowska, executants of unaccompanied Bach aspire to the standard of Casals and piano virtuosos to that of Vladimir Horowitz, while bassos with aspirations toward Russian opera must reckon with the tradition established by Chaliapin.

The French baritone Pierre Bernac belongs to this select company of style setters. If he is less celebrated than the other musicians I have mentioned, it is because he has tilled a lesser field. French art songs do not attract a large and clamorous public. But in that particular domain to which he directed his talents, Bernac has left an ineradicable imprint, and it is heartening to know that his most successful recordings are at last back in circulation as part of a new budget-price series published by Columbia Records (Odyssey 32 26 0009; two discs, mono only). Supplementing this album is another welcome Bernac reissue composed of material recorded in Paris just before the war and in London just after (Pathé FALP 50036; mono only).

Perhaps a few biographical details are in order. Bernac was born in 1899 and came to prominence in the mid-thirties when he began appearing in joint recitals with the composer Francis Poulenc, a sensitive and facile accompanist. For twenty-five years the two musicians toured together in many parts of the world (the Odyssey discs date from a 1950 visit to America). Eight years ago, after a farewell recital in Paris celebrating a quarter century of collaboration with Poulenc, Bernac retired from the concert stage and has since then devoted himself to teaching. Almost anyone you name who now sings twentieth-century French repertoire has been at one time or another a Bernac pupil.

As a style setter, Bernac enjoyed one inestimable advantage denied to the likes of Landowska and Casals: a considerable body of music created specially for him. Poulenc's songs after 1934 were composed always with Bernac in view as their first and preferred exponent. And since Poulenc is generally regarded as the most important song composer since Hugo Wolf, Bernac did indeed hold a formidable privilege. It is impossible to hear a Poulenc song today without hearing Bernac, no matter who the interpreter may be. He had the first and last word on how this magnificent music should go.

But even without his close ties to Poulenc, Bernac would surely have made a substantial impact on the musical life of our time, for he is a true original, an artist capable of creating a musical tradition all his own. To begin with, the voice itself is extraordinary. Inasmuch as the recordings are now readily available for sampling, no point would be served here in literary descriptions of its quality. Suffice it to say that Bernac's voice relates to the mellifluous satin of a Leonard Warren or a Fischer-Dieskau as does a Modigliani portrait to a Titian. Its acerb timbre is not to everyone's liking. But nobody could deny that it has character, nor could anyone minimize the remarkable uses to which Bernac put it. He was a master of the long legato line, joining note to note and consonant to consonant as if pouring honey from a spoon. (Gounod's *Sérénade* and Fauré's *Jardin Nocturne* on the Pathé disc offer elegant examples of Bernac's ability to perform a song in, seemingly, one sustained exhalation.) He was a master too of rhythmic acuity and of nimble articulation, never losing the forward thrust of a song or short-changing the sense and sound of its words.

But first and foremost, Bernac was a superbly accomplished vocal actor. His every inflection, his myriad shadings of color, his slurs and snaps of phrase all carry meaning, though not in the heavy-handed, obvious way of some recitalists. Like all great actors, Bernac knew how to underplay. You will find his powers of characterization persuasively displayed in the *Histoires Naturelles* of Ravel, a series of animal vignettes to texts of Jules Renard included in the Odyssey collection. These witty, luscious songs find Bernac at the peak of his form as he limns the majestic self-assurance of the peacock, the meticulous prudence of the cricket, the hushed awe of the fisherman who sees a kingfisher alight at the end of his rod. To get a further taste of the singer's expressive range, listen to the snarling bitterness of "Le Mendiant," the dreamy languor of "Hôtel," the choked despair of "Sanglots," three of the many Poulenc songs in the same Odyssey set.

Unfortunately, neither the Pathé nor the Odyssey reissues include texts, and this is a grave defect. These are, as the Odyssey album proclaims, "legendary performances"—but to make the most of the legend, the listener should know the words. Odyssey's anonymous annotator attempts to get off the hook by stating that "the texts [of *Banalités* and *Chansons Villageoises*] are surrealist in style and do not translate at all well into English," but that just won't do. Most of the poems translate quite acceptably; and even for those which don't, the French words by themselves would be a decided help to most listeners. Odyssey ought to make amends by printing the texts in a separate booklet and sending them to deprived customers on request.

Some important Bernac recordings still remain out of print—the Poulenc cycles *Le Bestiaire au Cortège D'Orfée* and *Tel Jour Telle Nuit*, for example, and the Ravel *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée*—and these too should be restored to the catalogue, as well as the solo album that Poulenc recorded for Columbia, half devoted to Erik Satie and half to his own compositions. But what we have now is a magnificent first installment. Anyone at all receptive to the subtle beauty of French song will find much to savor in these long-awaited resuscitations.

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The Fault Is in the Stars

ALBERT C. SCHMIDT

IN THE DAYS of Louis XIV, the maître d'hôtel whose name has become synonymous in French for culinary prowess gave up his life for his professional honor. When the fresh seafood failed to arrive in time for a Chantilly dinner party to which the King was invited, Vatel skewered himself on his own sword. In the days of de Gaulle, history repeated itself in the person of the chef of Paris's best bouillabaisse restaurant, the Relais des Porquerolles: he shot himself when he learned that his establishment had lost its two-star standing in the *Guide Michelin*.

Every year in the spring, thousands of innkeepers await with trepidation the appearance of the latest edition of the red-covered arbiter of gastronomic excellence, the bible of French hostelry that keeps going up in price in proportion to the cost of eating out in France. (This year the *Michelin* costs thirteen francs.) And every year the book has a few surprises. The big news in 1967 is the fall from grace of the famous Hôtel de la Poste at Avallon, whose long-brilliant third star has faded from Michelin's firmament. It must have been a hard blow for the manager of that house, who was already looking on while the Autoroute that is forever being constructed between Paris and the Riviera began to funnel tourists past his once traffic-clogged little town.

Speculation abounds as to why the Poste has been demoted. Did one of *Michelin*'s anonymous inspectors find a fat Burgundian fly in his *timbale gourmande*? What offending hair was plucked from the *écrevisses aux aromates* just in time, before it reached the incorruptible palate? A better guess might be that the guidebook's editors have been plagued by letters from readers voicing the complaint so often heard about the three-star places: too much of a good thing. The average tourist, whether linguistically uninitiated, geographically entranced, or just plain bashful, plunges into the menu at random without bothering to ask just what it is he is ordering, and regrets his rashness a few hours later. Perhaps the Poste did not beware of the lady who reaches for her Alka-Seltzer before the *dolce Borghese* has been served, and later writes letters to the guidebooks in her room upstairs. After all, a good maître d'hôtel should warn his clients away from too many rich sauces one on top of the other, but that is a warning seldom heard in the gastronomic temples of France.

BUT for every star that sets, another one rises. This time the newcomer to the top is the Ill, on the Ill river at Illhäusern, near Colmar in Alsace. The name alone should give pause to those critics of the *Guide Michelin* who say it aims primarily at Anglo-Saxon tourists who like to gorge themselves: a place called the Ill can hardly be banking on a sudden influx of Englishmen and Americans. And the appearance of Illhäusern on the gastronomic map of France shows that the middle ages of *la bonne chère* are at an end. Purist Gallic noses used to turn up at the thought of what Alsatians do to food; a Parisian brasserie serving sauerkraut simmered in champagne would have had no hope of earning a star or two in the process.

The annexation of Alsace by culinary France is an indication of changing attitudes. Even the purists will now have to admit that there is some excellent eating on the other side of the border. The growing popularity of Paris's little Belgian restaurant, Chez Beulemans on the Boulevard Saint-Germain, is a case in point. It has no star in Michelin's guide, but it has more customers daily and nightly than many places that do, and it is now going through a face-lifting, with a modern glass-enclosed terrace from which to watch the beautiful people emerging from Pierre Cardin's new boutique across the street. Another instance is the current outcropping of *les Wimpy* all over the capital. Apparently the Anglo-Saxons have convinced the Parisians that what they needed all along was a few good hamburger stands. The Wimpies are crowded these days, while many of the older places, though starred, are barely half full. There is a limit to the amount of *quenelles de brochet* and *côte de veau normande* that anybody can stand, particularly at lunchtime.

If so many people are failing to follow the stars, the star system itself may be at fault. For at least a year at a time, the constellations are fixed; the conditions of creative cuisine are constantly changing. No good cook does the same thing twice in a row. To expect a versatile chef to repeat in the same manner an item advertised as a specialty year after year, and publicized by the guidebooks, is like asking Rubinstein to play the same Chopin nocturne at every concert and time his tenutos with a stopwatch. Surely the reason why Georges Garin, the best chef in Paris in the opinion of many, never won his third star is that he is too unpredictable, too much of an artist. Through the glass partition that separates the dining room from the kitchen, you can observe his every perspiring flourish; you can see when he is moved by whim, by the inspiration of a passing moment, and the results are hard to classify

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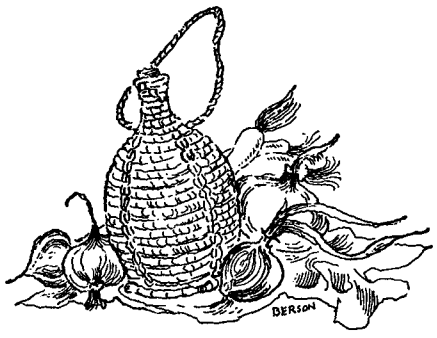
in the cut-and-dried terms of a guidebook. The former chef of the Bonnet at Andrézieux, on the upper Loire—still a delightful stopping place on your way south—bore living witness



to the nonsensicality of gastronomic nomenclature: his *feuilleté gastronome* was whatever he felt like cooking on any given evening, as long as it had pastry around or inside it, and when he wearied of pastries he spent his time working on fresh raspberry sherbets.

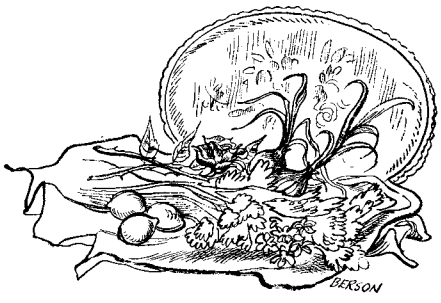
THEN there is the capricious domestic element in commercial hospitality that no star can reflect. For a magnificent meal, I would not hesitate to recommend a certain stopover between Bayeux and Cherbourg, were it not for the fact that the chef, after an overdose of Calvados, feels unloved and so throws frying pans at his wife until the wee hours. Only if you care more about how you eat than how you sleep is that the place for you. An improbable tavern in the Cognac region has a *patron* who knows all there is to know about snail and seafood production; he can even procure the unprocurable, like safe oysters and mussels in July. Unfortunately, he knows little about hotelkeeping, and is but dimly aware of which of his rooms are occupied. So while he gets ready to prove that the best way to spike a cantaloupe is with *Pineau des Charentes*, his wife scares away customers by scowling over a key panel and a ledger that look respectively emptier and fuller than they really are. She would doubtless rather not make too many beds in the morning. The only way we got a room on our last visit was by promising to make our own. How many stars, in *Michelin*'s heaven, is a made bed worth?

Reading the *Guide Michelin* is an art in itself. An introductory course is contained in forty pages in the front of the book on "How to Use This Guide." It takes tenacity to master all of the symbols—stars, knives and forks, Monopoly-style housing units, red birds and black birds, red cars and black cars, P's and M's and bidets and shower baths, and dogs with lines through their heads. By the time the normal tourist has passed the test his vacation is over, and he cannot recall whether his bedroom of the week before had curtains on the windows or not. To be sure, *Michelin* does not yet include curtains in its occult sign language, although seasoned observers say that fancy curtains are essential to the problem of making the one-star grade.

Among the hieroglyphics, this year's book has an innovation which threatens to undo all the good that *Michelin* has done in the past. It consists of a red dot and a red circle. The dot shows hotels offering *pension* for thirty francs or under, and the circle indicates that the price of a meal will not exceed ten francs. Many French travel experts agree that this is going a bit too far. The *Guide Michelin* was always useful to economy-minded travelers because of its red-underlined Repasts, which guaranteed the best food for the least money. By 1966 the underlined meals, in keeping with the chronic inflationary conditions prevailing in France, had risen to a level of thirteen francs and under, as compared with a ceiling of ten francs in 1963. What provincial hotelier, to say nothing of Paris, can keep up in good conscience and solvency with the claim implicit in the new dots and circles? To do so, he will have to cut corners somewhere. Maybe in low-priced Auvergne, where many fine places do not show up in the guidebooks at all (to locate them, you practically have to have a cousin who owns one), it is still possible to find a full-course French dinner for ten francs. But if you find one in the more prosperous regions or in the internationally frequented resorts, something is wrong to begin with. The *Guide Michelin* began by underlining quality; it is now in danger of undermining it. In 1967, a two-dollar French dinner—in the traditional sense of the term—is the equivalent of black squaring of a red circle. There are no black squares in *Michelin* as yet.

UNREALISTIC as it may seem, the lowering of the low-price ceiling may nevertheless have a salutary effect, in the long run, on French cuisine and on all that passes for French cuisine elsewhere. By complicating its symbolism to the point of little practical return, the *Guide Michelin* may be leading the way back to a healthy simplicity. When a national culinary prize goes, as it has in France this year, to a chef for a dish entitled *Daurade aux bananes*, it is time for a change. There are a lot of acceptable ways to treat a *daurade*, but smothering it in bananas, mushrooms, and coconut is not one of them. Much better to lay it onto a bed of onions and *fines herbes* and baste it in white wine, preferably Sylvaner.

Too many cooks, for too long, have taken the flamboyant way out of such dilemmas as what heavy wine sauce to put on a *steack au poivre*, forgetting that the answer is: none. A pepper steak, once the black peppercorns have been crushed and not ground, is best when flambéed in cognac after being pan-broiled in butter. Not so long ago, the chef of a great transatlantic liner was catering to gastronomic snobbery by pouring steak gravy over what he called *escargots de Bourgogne*. But you cannot fool all of the passengers all of the time. Snails need nothing more than plain garlic butter and parsley. A New York restaurateur who piled *pâté de foie gras* and whipped cream on top of sweet-



breads, and topped the whole concoction with a maraschino cherry, would have second thoughts if he were constrained to jump through *Michelin*'s little two-dollar hoop.

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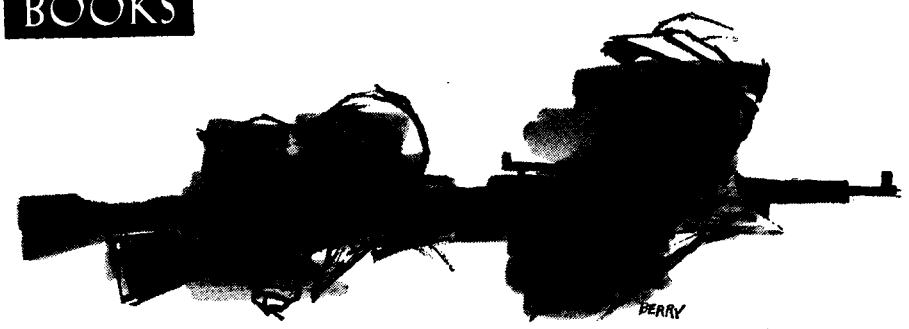
BOOKS



A Balanced History

JOHN MECKLIN

VIETNAM: A DRAGON EMBATTLED, by Joseph Buttinger. *Frederick A. Praeger. $18.50 (two volumes).*

Among the platoons of writers who have lately been telling us about Vietnam, Joseph Buttinger has been something of a sleeper. In 1958, he published an excellent history, *The Smaller Dragon,* covering the country's evolution up to about 1900 from its misty origins some two thousand years ago, and he has done a number of free-lance magazine articles. But for the past few years little was heard from him, despite an aroused public interest in his subject. It now turns out that he was far from idle. Buttinger's new two-volume follow-on history, *Vietnam: A Dragon Embattled,* comes as the most successful effort to date to explain that sorrowful land and the complex of forces that have engulfed and dismembered it.

Like *The Smaller Dragon* (the title being a reference to Vietnam's relationship to China), Buttinger's new book is essentially a scholarly production, based on exhaustive research rather than the author's personal observations in Vietnam. A naturalized American who immigrated from Austria in 1939, Buttinger, now sixty-one, worked in Vietnam in 1954 with the International Rescue Committee, but he has visited there only once since then, in 1958. Also, the book covers only the period from 1900 through the fall of Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963. It thus lacks the immediacy and what's-it-like "feel" of its main competitors, the late Bernard B. Fall's *The Two Vietnams* and Robert Shaplen's *The Lost Revolution.* But Buttinger makes up for this in style, balance, comprehensiveness, and perception. His book is more likely to be accepted in the long run as the standard reference.

MOREOVER, *Vietnam: A Dragon Embattled* is by no means a lifeless exercise in scholarship. Buttinger yields to no one in his outbursts of eloquent indignation at the stupidities that have characterized Vietnamese history. The difference between him and a good many other writers is that his scorn is impartial. For example, U.S. policy at Geneva in 1954 comes out as "wildly incoherent"; the French hero General de Lattre de Tassigny as a man of "fantastic megalomania"; General de Gaulle as a "defective hero" because he opposed independence for Vietnam after the Second World War; the Diem régime as "morally rotten"; and Ho Chi Minh as a cynical opportunist who put Communism ahead of patriotism and is said once to have betrayed a non-Communist nationalist to the French police in return for a reward of 150,000 piastres.

Similarly, Buttinger has no inhibitions about sweeping political pronouncements, but here too he achieves credibility because his views are balanced by a keen sense of political realities. Unlike some of his peers, Buttinger avoids the pretension that there ever was a moment when any one westerner or western institution could have changed the basic course of history in Vietnam. He calls the French war in Indo-China, for example, "the longest and most senseless attempt of this century to defeat an anticolonial movement of national liberation by military means...." But he also dwells in intimate detail on the anguished debate in both Paris and Saigon for more than a half century on what to do about Indo-China. The book makes clear that the French in many ways were a captive of the times and that true options for a better policy —one that would also be acceptable to the French electorate—were hard to come by. However different the motivations, some of the parallels between French agonizing in the 1920's and 1930's and the American debate today are uncanny.

Apart from its consistently sensible political analysis, the main value of the book is its remarkable scope. Physically its two volumes are almost as formidable as the subject, weighing six pounds and containing 779 pages of text, 405 of notes, and 89 of appendices and bibliography. The work would be much easier to read if some of the rich and highly useful detail in the notes were woven into the text. Otherwise, Buttinger's style is meaty and smooth. He makes good use of understatement and sometimes reveals a low-key sense of humor, e.g., in noting that the Vietnamese were impressed by the construction of Hanoi's Doumer Bridge in 1902 not because of the engineering achievement but because the French had thereby outsmarted the dragon who lived in the river.

THE first volume, covering the period from 1900 to the outbreak of the French war in the late 1940's, is the better of the two, in part because it contains so much unfamiliar material. It is immensely valuable in illuminating the succession of French blunders that made rebellion inevitable—and savage. On the one hand there was brutality, like the White Terror of 1931 when French reprisals for a nationalist uprising included wanton killings that have been estimated as high as ten thousand. On the other, there were stupid administrative policies, like the failure to help the Vietnamese industrialize, despite propitious conditions. One result is the absence today

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of a middle class that could provide the stable political base so urgently needed for viable independence. This volume also reports, blow by blow, how the Communists gained control of the nationalist movement and dominated it from 1930 onward. It includes some excellent detail on Ho Chi Minh, his character, and his techniques for running the movement.

Buttinger's lack of personal contact with Vietnam in recent years shows up mostly in the second volume. It would be notably strengthened if it contained more discussion of such unique and critical undertakings as the U.S. military advisory effort in 1962-1963 to try to breathe some fight into the South Vietnamese Army, and the evolution of the "counterinsurgency" program (now called "pacification") to try to break the Communist hold on the rural population. Both efforts failed, as Buttinger notes, but they nevertheless were highly significant events, revealing dramatically the immensity of the dilemma the United States faced (and still faces) in prosecuting a war by playing up to a weak yet sovereign government in Saigon.

The second volume is good, however, in its treatment of the rise and fall of Diem himself—an episode in which the author played a personal role. Left-wingers have called Buttinger a member of a "Vietnam Lobby" which is said to have pressured the Eisenhower administration into its early support of Diem, thus in effect trapping the United States in its fateful commitment to South Vietnam. In a footnote, Buttinger concedes that he favored United States support for Diem—and indeed he was so much involved that he acted as interpreter during Diem's 1957 visit to New York—but he asserts that the United States was determined to support South Vietnam anyway, if not through Diem then through somebody else. Whatever Buttinger's influence in that murky era, he clearly belongs to the group of early Diem supporters, like Senator Mansfield, who later turned against him.

THE WORK sets the record straight on a number of common misconceptions about Diem, especially among the doves. One is the idea that he was put into office by the United States. Buttinger shows how his chief sponsor more likely was the French puppet emperor, Bao Dai. Another key point in left-wing thinking is the theory that the Vietcong revolt was strictly spontaneous and was not ordered by Hanoi, thus discrediting present U.S. action against the North. Buttinger concedes that Diem's "incomprehensible" persecution of the people pushed them "to the brink of rebellion," and that Diem thus was really the first to use force. But he insists—correctly, in this reviewer's judgment—that there is insufficient evidence to be sure just how the revolt began, and that the point is not particularly pertinent anyway. The uprising, he writes, 'was organized by the Communists, and while it would have made little headway without wide popular support, neither would it have had its amazing success without guidance and assistance from the North." Buttinger concludes that Diem recklessly threw away a chance to save his country that history may not offer again.

The book's ending in 1963 leaves the reader with a tantaliznig question: What does Buttinger think of the American military intervention? He has already begun work on another volume, covering the American war, but he does not plan to publish it "until there has been some kind of a solution." The recent news from Saigon suggests that it may be a long wait.

Beyond Belief

SAREL EIMERL

NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY, by Sarah Gainham. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $6.95.*

There must be a great many novelists who would like to write an epic about war, *War and Peace* style. When one considers the immensity, the drama, and the richness of the subject matter, and the stirring emotional impact that war makes on those who live through it—and very often on those who only read about it afterwards—it seems curious that more novelists have not made the attempt. It seems even more curious when one remembers that the two great wars have been easily the most important events of this century, and that both were in every way more dramatic, bloodier, and socially and politically of even greater consequence than the Russian resistance to Napoleon.

Certainly many novelists have told stories about war, about a naval battle here, a war-tangled romance there. But neither of the two great wars has inspired a single book that can seriously be considered one of this century's masterpieces of fiction. The first war ended almost fifty years ago, but I can think of only three novels on the subject that allow one to use the word "epic" with a straight face. There is *Doctor Zhivago*. There is Arnold Zweig's trilogy, but that is confined almost entirely to the actual fighting. And there is Ford Madox Ford's *Parade's End*, but its principal theme is the decline of a very limited social class. As for the Second World War, one must admire the courage and ambition of the American novelists who tried to write about it, in epic style, shortly after the war ended; but what they produced is pretty thin. And the only real epic on it that I know about, Theodor Plievier's trilogy *Moscow, Stalingrad,* and *Berlin,* is mostly limited, like Zweig's, to action at and near the front.

WHY haven't more novelists tried to tackle one of these wars as a whole, embracing both the fighting and also the immense dramas of personal and political conflict, and of the vast social changes behind the lines? I suppose for the obvious reason: they haven't been up to it. As it would be hard to think of any more difficult task for a novelist, this is not said in any dispraise of the novelists but as a prelude to my expressions of admiration and gratitude to Sarah Gainham. She has not only written a war novel of epic pro-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 175

by HENRY ALLEN

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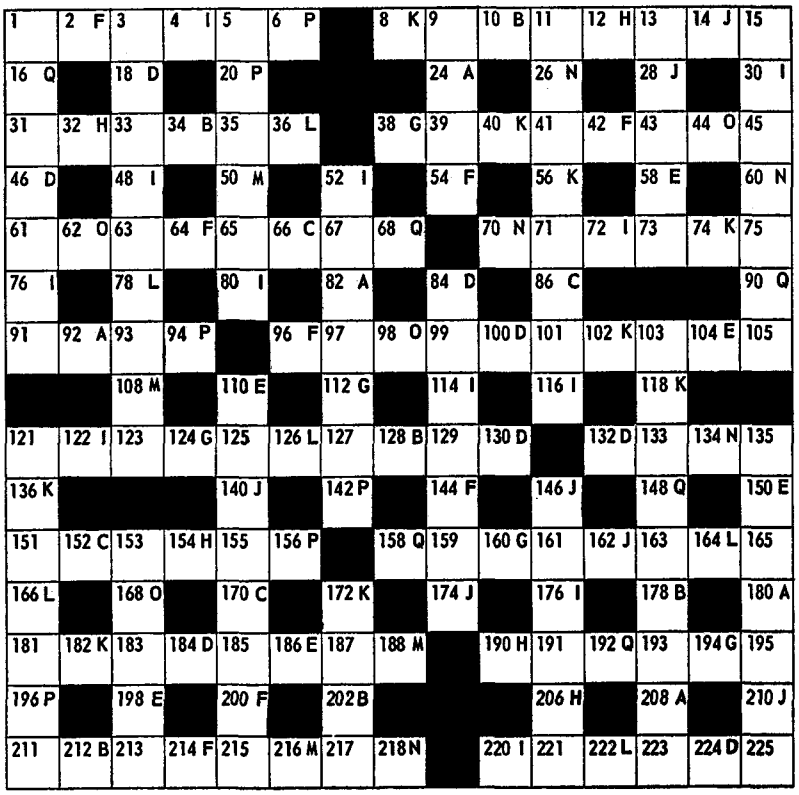
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
208 82 180 24 92 "A fingering ____,/One that would peep and botanize..." Wordsworth, "A Poet's Epitaph."

B
128 178 34 202 10 212 Pull or draw with a hasty jerk.

C
86 66 170 152 Ellipsoid.

D
132 18 184 130 84 46 100 224 Souvenir.

E
198 110 104 58 150 186 Students in Paris.

F
42 2 96 214 54 64 200 144 "...my brother set / The ____ on his birthday, — / The tree is living yet." Hood, "I Remember."

G
38 124 112 194 160 "Only I discern—/ Infinite passion, and the pain / Of finite hearts that____." Browning, "Two in the Campagna."

H
190 12 206 154 32 Conspirator and poet in "Julius Caesar."

I
4 220 52 72 76 116 48 80 30 122 114 176 Famous navigational aid at approaches to New York harbor (7,5).

J
146 28 162 140 210 14 174 Wandered.

K
8 102 118 40 136 172 74 56 182 Late associate of the Acrostician (8,1).

L
166 164 78 36 222 126 To overrun in a troublesome manner.

M
50 188 108 216 To stuff beyond capacity.

N
60 26 134 218 70 Units of measurement for a horse.

O
62 44 168 98 Indian coin.

P
20 94 196 6 156 142 Wilde hero who learned the importance of being himself.

Q
68 16 148 158 90 192 "So the Lord blessed the____ end of Job more than his beginning." Job.

ACROSS

1. Appetizer in the Tropicana period room.
8. Devices for the chin when same about and shaken.
31. A vainer ditch.
38. Early gin that's not yet two.
61. A rival can go to a festival.
70. Kind of road that's mostly trees.
91. Gaze to make one reel about.
96. Cry of the Acrostician (5,5).
121. Major progress in Seven League Boots? (1,5,4).
132. Sort of mice.
151. Mixes to lend in a scientist.
158. Housing that's ten-ten to me.
181. Muscle to stone Rex.
190. Curia or not, it's poison (alt. sp.).
211. Played guitars but drum them.
220. Mess he made when the gear goes in.

DOWN

1. Riding stunt in a coal car.
3. It's a near fever, but don't worry (5,4).
5. A writer with prison at first.
9. State to rave.
11. Kind of cars with a short pad.
13. Simple and near the First Lady, they say.
15. Viewer who lets out a long breath first.
52. The French ball is last, but first paradoxically for steadying.
84. Plotted one of 220 across in a short month.
103. Kind of paint unpopular with the Acrostician?
110. An alum band for perfume base.
121. A circulating time ban.
135. Fine points I slated for discussion.
146. I leave the followers to harmonize again.
153. Go in and sign up.
172. Tiny fleck when the big book's broken.

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portions, but by picking Vienna under the Nazi terror as her subject, she has headed right into the heart of the storm.

More than any other group of people except the Jacobins, the Nazis confront a novelist with a problem in its sharpest form that has become steadily more difficult to cope with in the past few decades: the fact that reality has become wilder and more dramatic than any inventions a novelist could offer his readers and yet retain their belief. *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* enjoyed its tremendous success not only because it was superb history but also because it was such a stunning horror romance, a non-fiction novel if ever there was one. However rich his imagination, no novelist could invent incidents more dramatic and demonic than those which became commonplace under the Nazis. Nor could anyone invent characters as fascinating as Hitler, Goering, and Himmler, because in addition to being such extraordinary creatures, they actually existed and wielded more power than could plausibly be attributed to any imagined character. How is the novelist to triumph over such competition? And finally, Miss Gainham labored under the handicap that, writing about the Gestapo and the SS and the transportations and the camps and all the rest of it, she would simply be making yet another run over the best-known melodrama of modern times.

A great reluctance to being escorted again over the old familiar ground was my first emotion when I found myself, on the first page, in Vienna in March, 1938, with the Nazis just marching in. The central character, Julia Homburg, is beautiful and sensuous, commanding yet high-minded and kind, and the most famous actress in Austria. She is Ayran but her husband, Franz, is a scholarly, rich, and elegant Jew. At first neither he nor Julie can quite grasp the danger or understand why their friends are urging that he leave immediately for Prague. Finally, Julia is convinced and convinces him. But still she does not begin to comprehend the full reality of the Nazi terror until she is visited by Franz's niece, Ruth, who begs her aunt to come and visit her mother and aged grandfather. There, to her horror, Julia sees a sadistic storm trooper murder the old man and his daughter. She summons the police and discovers that they can do nothing. And then, at last, the truth begins to break through.

I remember exactly where, on page 69, I stopped thinking, "Yes, but I kown all this," and realized that Miss Gainham had got me. Ruth, the niece, is talking to Julia. "'My mother is very frightened,' she said softly. . . . '[She] doesn't know where we shall get our food if the kosher shops are closed.'" The accuracy is unmistakable. Of course, that must have been one of the first and worst fears of the Orthodox Jews; the true nature of the ghastliness to come must have been far beyond any possibility of imagining. But it was the heartbreaking naïveté of the passage that really struck home. In hardly more than a dozen words, it suggested the whole story to come: the onslaught of evil upon innocence and its total victory.

INEVITABLY the book proceeds ever deeper into horror; the material commands it. The main plot centers on Julia's struggle to hide her husband, who, unable to cross the border, comes sneaking back, humiliated and crushed. This story is Anne Frank over again, except that here it is far more elaborated. A series of accidents and misfortunes keeps the SS and Gestapo interested in Franz, which greatly adds to the suspense of the narrative. It also enables Miss Gainham to offer what seem to be well-informed insights into the workings of the Austrian bureauracy of the secret police.

This story and the various subplots that flow around Julia all deal with personal relationships, with friendships and rivalries and jealousies and love affairs. But all are played out against the foreground of a colossal social catastrophe during which tolerant, humanist, cosmopolitan Vienna is dragged down into a ghastly mire of selfishness, deceit, and brutality. The changing attitudes toward the Jews serve as one map of the journey. "I have my own family to support" and "What can I do?" modulate into "They always wanted to be different," and then into "Maybe they'll be better off having their own settlement in Poland," and then into "Well, we don't actually know they're being sent there to be murdered." And all the time there is great rising unspoken hatred toward the Jews for making decent, innocent Ayrans feel uncomfortable.

This progression constitutes a fairly obvious series of markers in the degeneration of the Viennese. In fact the corruption of the society must have been far more pervasive, and one of Miss Gainham's triumphs is that she manages to show just how subtly, often unrecognizably, the degeneration developed. The Nazis understood perfectly how very few people—if any at all—can stand up indefinitely against the threat and the reality of physical torment. Their achievement was that by sheer brutality and persistence they succeeded in destroying not only the victims' bodies but also their souls. They showed how very slender and insecure a base supports what is normally regarded as decent behavior. When that base was removed and survival became the only standard, even the most honest Viennese found themselves living a continuous existence of lies and total selfishness which, only a year or two earlier, would have seemed to them impossible even among their most corrupt acquaintances.

THIS CORRUPTION of the spirit is illustrated most pitifully through a Socialist editor, Kerenyi, a heroic figure who begins by wondering whether to join the National Socialist Party in order to fight the Nazis more effectively. He ends by using the most brutal blackmail in order to ensure his own survival. Even the spirit of the noble Julia, perhaps a little too noble to be believed, is destroyed. Her desperate seven-year struggle to save her husband is proved pointless at the end because he is killed when the Russians storm into Vienna. And she? Openly at least, she had obeyed the Nazis. Now she must obey the Russians, whom she assumes to be even fouler barbarians, but she is too exhausted to care. Worn out by the long years of emotional strain and near starvation, she feels that life has no meaning left; there is only sensation. Only one person really triumphs: Hella, a beautiful actress who is totally self-

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ish and unscrupulous. She becomes an impassioned Nazi and marries an SS general. But when she sees that the Germans are beaten, she retreats to the country to wait—for a Russian general this time, no doubt. Amid all the foulness and corruption, only she sails serenely through, undamaged because she is herself completely foul and corrupt.

Could it all have been as terrible as Miss Gainham describes it? I am inclined to believe her because her perceptions are repeatedly so acute. Julia and her friends loathe Hitler, but they are appalled by the attempt to murder him in 1944. For bad as he is, the alternative is the Russians. And suddenly you realize how terrified the Central Europeans, and especially the cultivated Viennese, must have been of the barbarians from the East. Like Ruth's sorrowful comment about her mother, it has the sure ring of truth.

Miss Gainham must, I suspect, have steeped herself deeply in *War and Peace*. This principal theme is her whole book, the effect of a great, all-embracing war on the fabric of society as represented by a considerable number of individuals. But this is not the only similarity to Tolstoi. There are echoes, too, of his historical essays, notably in a brief disquisition on the reasons that rendered the Balkan peoples unable to resist conquest, whether by the Turks, the Germans, or the Russians. There are very similar brief, pointed psychological generalizations: "Everyone who engages in conspiracy goes through the first stages of finding it easy, makes a mistake and goes to the opposite extreme, seeing hostile intrigue and danger in everything." That could have come out of *War and Peace*. And there are even echoes of Tolstoi's style, especially in the quick narrative bridges, setting and explaining the scene for some fresh situation.

However, it is no service to any book to overpraise it. This is no *War and Peace*. It does not remotely approach the sweep or range of Tolstoi's epic. Miss Gainham is technically very skillful. At one point somebody, obviously important, walks into an SS office. He is briefly described and speaks about a hundred words. "That could almost be Heydrich," I thought idly—and to my astonishment, it was. As he is the only real person to appear in the book, this is a great tribute to the author's descriptive powers. But where Tolstoi penetrated deeply into a dozen characters, Miss Gainham probes only into two—Julia and Kerenyi—and neither is as vividly seen or portrayed, or as vital in character, as Prince Andrei or Count Bezukhov or Natasha or Nicolai. Tolstoi was able to cover so vast a range in part because he possessed a genius for striking to the heart of a character or situation in a few sentences. Miss Gainham lacks this faculty. She takes much longer to make her points and she is often repetitious. There is one dreary section of fifty pages about Poland that should have been cut out, and the whole last third of the novel drags.

Probably the author ran out of pep, as writers so often do toward the end of long books. Still, especially in the first half, this is a magnificent novel, by far the best I have read about the Second World War. On the dust cover there is a quote from Storm Jameson, proclaiming it the most impressive novel she has read for at least thirty years. At first I dismissed this as just another of those unfortunate excesses to which even distinguished writers occasionally lend their names. My skepticism proved unjustified. «»

The Homilies Of Horatio

MARCUS KLEIN

Ragged Dick, and Mark, the Match Boy, by Horatio Alger, Jr. Introduction by Rychard Fink. *Collier Books. Paperback. 95¢.*

Adrift in New York, and The World Before Him, by Horatio Alger, Jr. Introduction by William Coyle. *Odyssey Press. Paperback. $1.50.*

Strive and Succeed: Julius or The Street Boy Out West and The Store Boy or The Fortunes of Ben Barclay, by Horatio Alger, Jr. Introduction by S. N. Behrman. *Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $5.95.*

Age has not been kind to Ragged Dick, who is now one hundred years old. Instead of being forgotten, as would have been appropriate to his peculiar modesty, he has become myth. Worse, he is the hero of the one durably popular native American myth—"the typical Horatio Alger story," the myth of success—and so he is the butt of our automatic disillusion. No one any longer believes in the Alger story, probably least of all the young boys to whom Alger addressed his oppressive platitudes. We despise the Protestant Ethic of which Alger was the bard, which mingles the saving of souls with savings accounts and measures grace in terms of hard cash.

But it is likely too that nobody ever believed in the Alger story, least of all boys, and that beneath the myth there is a different kind of energy. The massive approval that Alger once secured is simply not to be explained by a taste for inspirational capitalism. Estimates of the sales of the novels range from a stupendous seventeen million to an incredible three hundred million. Never could so many boys have loved any kind of official virtue.

Moreover, the stories that Alger wrote do not really sustain the Alger myth. For one thing, Alger's hero did not necessarily begin in rags, and he never concluded in riches. Someone has calculated that his winnings on an average over one hundred and six novels from 1867 to 1899 amounted to ten thousand dollars. Alger's first and exemplary hero, Ragged Dick, saves the child of a rich man from drowning and is rewarded with a job in a counting room paying ten dollars a week. His friend Fosdick, in *Mark, the Match Boy*, inherits a sudden fortune, of $2,524, including interest. (Alger was fussy about his figures.) Julius, of *Julius or The Street Boy Out West*, makes a killing in real estate and climbs toward the top of the Algerine heap, with properties worth $4,500. Alger might have described the budding of Rockefellers, Jay Goulds, Andrew Carnegies. But he didn't.

For another thing, in Alger's arithmetic of pluck and luck, luck was always by far the greater quantity. The hero happily comes to the right place at the right time to catch a thief, aid in an accident, help a

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stranger, or, more typically, to discover that he is the lost heir. Were he not so plucky, the hero might not be able to make capital of fortune's wares, but his good fortune is nonetheless fortuitous, as indeed Alger now and then admitted:

"[Frank] felt that it was largely owing to a lucky chance that he had been the means of capturing the bond robber. However, it is to pre-

cisely such lucky chances that men are often indebted for the advancement of their fortunes." (*The World Before Him.*)

The hero will strive and also succeed, but he does not succeed because he strives.

For still another thing, Alger's heroes do not even want to be rich. The word constantly at their lips and the point in all of Alger's interstitial sermons is, rather, "respectability." Tom Dodger, in *Adrift in New York*, prays for all the boys when he begs of a wealthy young lady, "You think I could be good if I tried hard, and grow up respectable?" Success is not the ten-dollar-a-week job, but the job in a counting-room or in a store. Ragged Dick actually takes a cut in income by going from the bootblacking business to an indoors job. The signs of success are not money and power, but a new suit, a savings account, good grammar, a watch, and sometimes a bit of superfluous education.

The ambitions of Alger's boys are in fact modest to the point of timidity. Again, Alger's boy heroes do nothing outrageously heroic, and for the most part they are passive witnesses even to their own middling destinies. Nor are they engaged in the kind of lurid series of swift adventures that boys of all ages are presumed to love. Alger was not lurid. He was incorrigibly repetitious and expository. His heroes spend the better part of their lives enumerating their own virtues. His villains are models of wrong-mindedness:

" 'Your poor mother is dead, Mark.'

" 'Well, there was no need to wake me for that,' said the boy, irritably. 'I can't help it, can I?' " (*The World Before Him.*)

" 'I don't smoke,' answered Ben, hardly able to repress a look of disgust.

" 'So you're a good boy, eh? One of the Sunday-school kids that want to be an angel, hey? Pah!' and the tramp exhibited the disgust which the idea gave him.

" 'Yes, I go to Sunday school,' said Ben coldly, feeling more and more repelled by his companion.

" 'I never went to Sunday school," said his companion. 'And I wouldn't. It's only good for milksops and hypocrites.' " (*The Store Boy or The Fortunes of Ben Barclay.*)

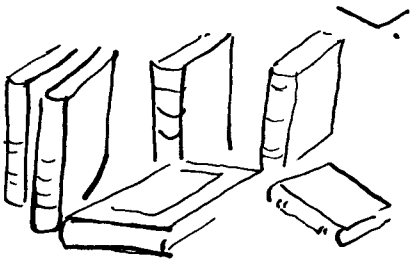
In the same way, the plot of the Alger novels is entirely devoid of cunning, and character is absolutely static—the heroes undergo moral adventure only insofar as they might in the first few pages abruptly express a desire for respectability.

But Alger's heroes do contain one complication of character, and it amounts to a thorough and constant irony. In it, it is to be suspected, is the attraction that drew those seventeen million readers. Alger's heroes speak the little capitalist pieties without cease. They are champions of neatness, punctuality, the fair exchange for an honest dollar. At the same time, however, either by origin or by some seeming mischief of chance, they are entirely disreputable. They are bootblacks or newsboys, only just not child beggars. In a favorite device, they are lost heirs who have been raised and educated by thieves. Or, what comes almost to the same thing, they are dispossessed heirs who are forced for a period to hit the streets.

If they say that they aspire to the middle classes and act appropriately, it is to be seen that they act deliberately, while it is the source of their energy and indeed the basis for their real virtue that they are not of the middle classes. They are not even lowly, but just out of things. They are prowlers in the city. Virtually by definition they are the unseen. When the Alger heroes are street boys by origin, which is to say when they are most pure, they speak a different language. Alger always apologizes for it, but he continuously exhibits it. The heroes do not lie, cheat, or steal, but they are in touch with those who do. Their surrogate fathers are likely to be burglars. Even when the heroes are dispossessed heirs, it is the whole function of Alger's story to put them into the nourishing tenement. And it is after all to the point that Alger's boys undergo no convincing moral development. Because they are not and do not become what they seem, they propose irreconcilable conflict.

Alger was blandly abstract about everything except for the racy, ratty, sheer existence of these boys, the amounts of money they make, and the usual locale of their action, New York. When Alger moves away from New York, he falls into his usual vagueness, but when he is on his scene the novels suddenly have street names and physical landmarks, and one of the few things Alger is able to prove dramatically is that his heroes know their way around New York. The fact implies something more than geography. They are city-wise. They are at home in the debris of the city—when we first see Ragged Dick, he is rising from his bed; he lives in Spruce Street in a wooden box. If Alger draws the specific conclusion merely that his heroes are rough and ready, it is anyway a part of the given case that they are something beyond that. They are potentially vicious. That is their glamor. They know the lower law.

And when these boys set out to make their way in the world—rehearsing the pieties at every step,



encouraged by their endlessly homiletic author—they might well stir the imagination of a youngster by their very implication that they are cynical and subversive. They are sinister young con men, no matter what Horatio Alger said.

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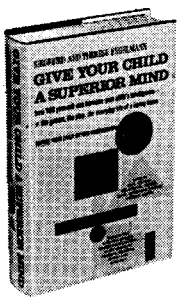

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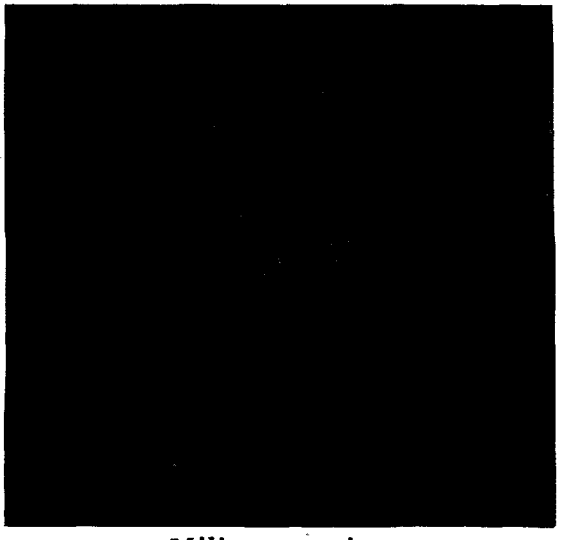

Military version.

We had to do something about our red and white button.

In news photos showing our GI's wearing it, we noticed that it stood out like a beacon.

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